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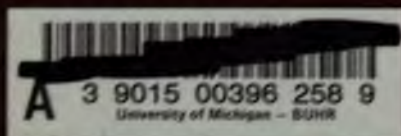
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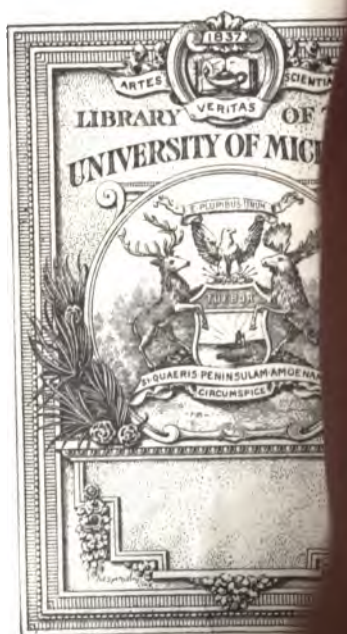
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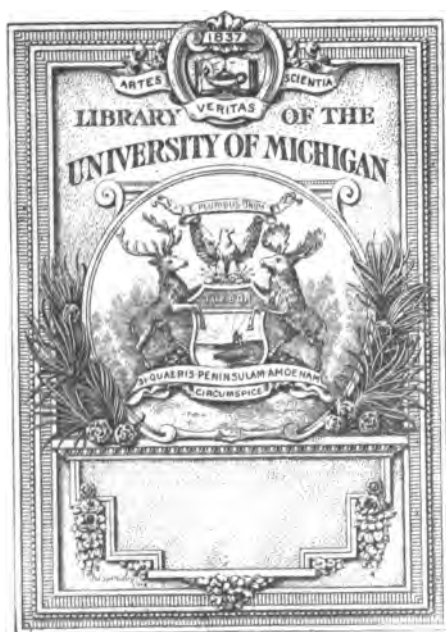
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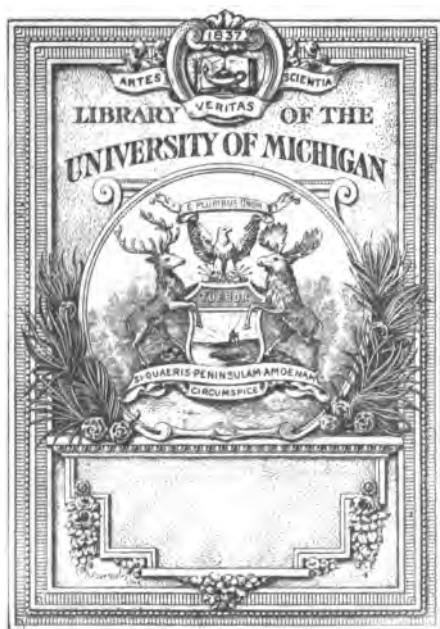






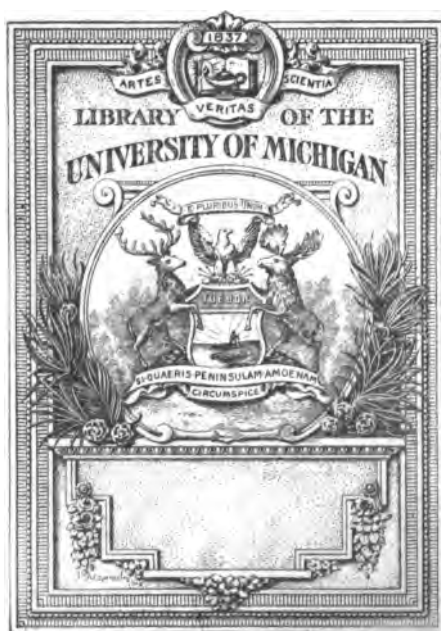


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ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES

BY
JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II.



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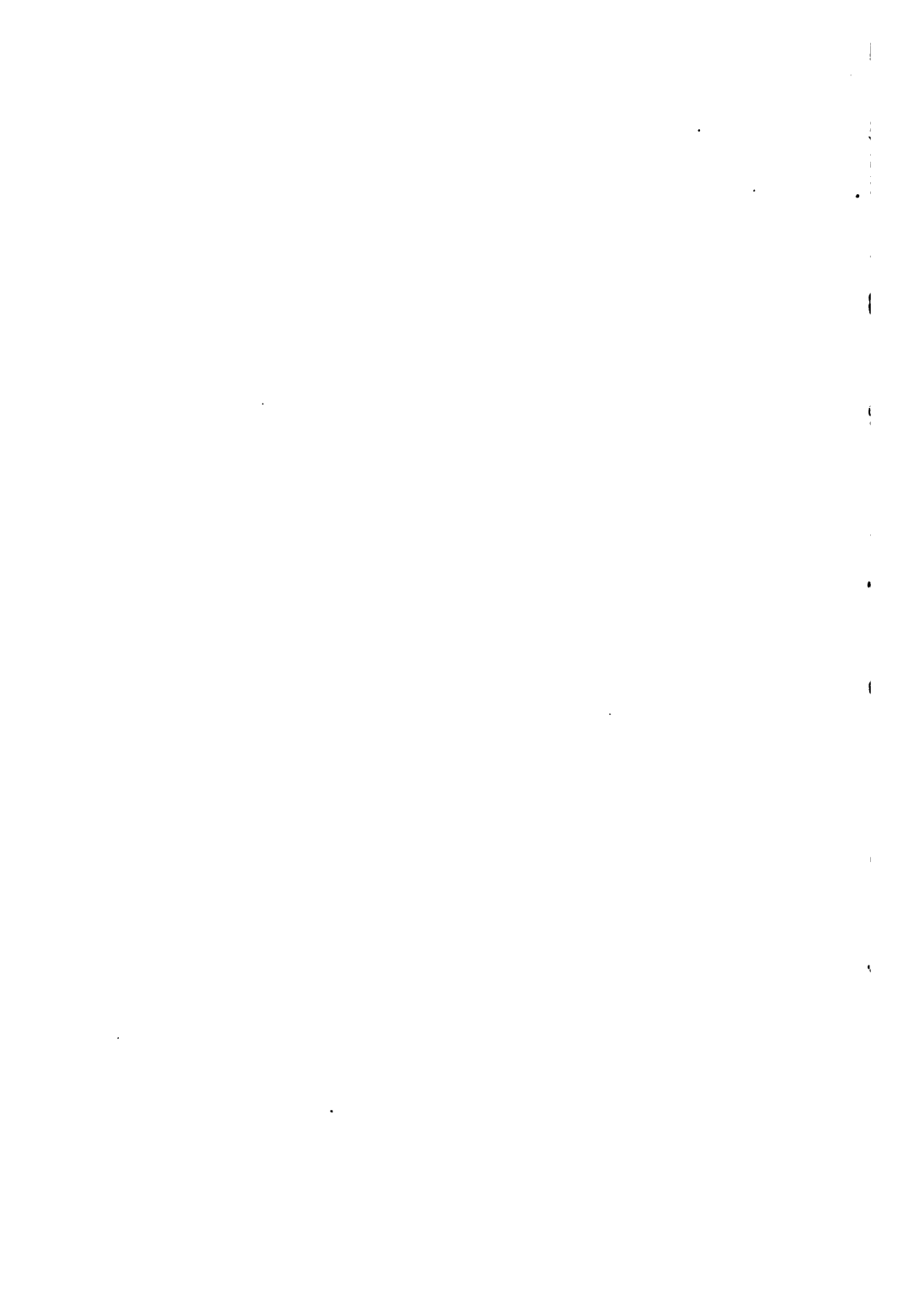
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A CLUB

In memory of long, unbroken comradeship with fine fellows and beautiful streams and woods and fields, this rambling journey is affectionately inscribed as the tribute of the lover to them all.



ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES

A CLUB

An assembly of good fellows.—*Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.*

NOT far from the confusion and exactions of the great city, out amid the oaks and pines of Long Island, that grow big and stately enough if given elbow-room for air and sunshine, are the many acres to which we are to journey together. They belong, some of the uninitiated say, to a club, though really no club, in the popular acceptation of the word, has anything to do with their ownership. Rather are they the priceless possession of a few men bound together by ties of fellowship, the like of which it would not be worth while for one to set out in search of, unless prepared to go to the ends of the earth—and even then without much likelihood of success. Therefore,

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if now and then I do call this organization a Club, you will understand that I have in mind some such picture or memory as Dr. Johnson must have had, when he defined a club to be "An assembly of good fellows"; always provided that this sturdy, genuine scholar and man, when he wrote *good fellows* meant fine fellows, the best fellows.

Even though you have heard of this Club or have visited it, you may nevertheless profit by this rambling journey we are to make together, if you care for God's best handiwork in the fashioning of men and of bright skies and woods and fields and streams. For as the interpreter, if he be the true lover of them, can point out in rare pictures, or books, or other treasures, some hidden beauties not apparent to the casual glance, so you may learn from me something new of the engaging men and the living things here.

At the outset take it for granted that this Club has to ordinary Clubdom a relation which Bohemia has to places where men sordidly grub for mere money and I might add mere fame; for fame can be so full of alloy that it is all but counterfeit. To understand whether my

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illustration be good or bad, you must of course know how far apart Bohemia and such other places are. And inasmuch as no one has measured the distance more accurately than has John Boyle O'Reilly, let us take him for our authority.

IN BOHEMIA

I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land;
For only there are the values true,
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness or force or by deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.
Here, pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled
With the names that are writ in the book of gold;
And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of the dear Bohemian land.
The scholar first with his book—a youth
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth;
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,
A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay;
A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a plowman, a lord—
And the player is king when the door is past.
The plowman is crowned, and the lord is last!
I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land;
There are no titles inherited there,
No hoard or hope for the brainless heir;
No gilded dullard native born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn:

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Bohemia has none but adopted sons;
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;
Its honours, not garnered for thrift or trade,
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.
To the empty heart in a jeweled breast.
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;
But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know
The moistureless froth of the social show;
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;
The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,
When a friend in need is a friend in want;
Where the only aim is to keep afloat,
And a brother may drown with a cry in his
throat.
Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the
grasp of a friendly hand,
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other
land.

Well that has a generous swing to it you must admit, as we re-hear the lines. Doubtless Emerson would have considered O'Reilly very low in the poetic scale, for even Poe was to him only the "jingle" poet; and Shelley too we recall came under his ban. We need not, however, be concerned about a defense of either of them, for they stand now on a pinnacle before which all men do homage. Yet we are all entitled to have for such transgressions in judgment an irritation, not unlike that which

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Horace expressed over the occasional poetic nap of Homer.

Nevertheless, the haven and refuge I am speaking of is better than all Bohemia; for Bohemia is on the border land if not within the province of Fame or Devil-caredom, and is often the resort of the notables or the *Boulevardiers* of life; while this place to which we are journeying, and within which, if you have just a bit of fancy, you have already arrived, is divided only by an imaginary line from the fields of pure content.

By the way, a friend of mine a physician of this City, ripe now in wisdom and professional distinction, told me of an experience of his with O'Reilly which may have some passing interest. The two were rooming together in Boston, where one was ministering to the body diseased and the other, by editorial work to the mind in need of journalistic nourishment, which O'Reilly, in his best moments, could furnish abundantly. The young physician, had for some slight frivolity, been unceremoniously turned out of a noted sea-food restaurant in Boston by its proprietor, a crusty, uncompromising old bachelor. He thereupon besought O'Reilly to pour

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out a few vials of newspaper wrath upon the head of such a tyrant; but O'Reilly devised a more subtle punishment. Accordingly, day by day, when walking in company to their offices, they would stop for a moment when passing the restaurant and say in unison, "The Lord damn". One day, on arriving there and finding it temporarily closed and crêpe on the door, O'Reilly's comment was: "Well, you see my plan was the better, for our petition has been granted and the Lord has damned him."

I have told you how far away this Club is from Clubdom, but it is still further from the world of affairs. If I were to attempt to tell you how far it, as well as the rest of the self-respecting God-fearing world, is from the world of the unseemly professional Turkey Trot,—where, to use the suggestive current phrase, the modern girl is more danced against than dancing—I might be obliged to have recourse to the language of the astronomer, when giving the distance of the earth from the fixed stars, and state it in so many "Light years." Perhaps the mother, engrossed in duties or pleasures, often fails to notice how treacherously slippery is the floor and how unwholesome the atmos-

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phere of this dance frenzy and orgy, or appreciate what little effort the man-milliner and social rounder over there would really put forth to save that daughter from a fall—if amid such surroundings she grow giddy with the whirl and lose her footing.

Well, you may be right in thinking all this the occasion for the jeremiad and anathema of the preacher, and the sneer and paradox of the cynic, and not a matter for me to be venture-some enough to express opinions about. Yet if observation counts for much, some of these professional censors are so inclined to the superlative in expression, that not everything they may have to say is always accepted at its face value. Or again, they grow drowsy on their watch, and, now and then, it may well be the privilege of the layman to volunteer as a sentinel in the outposts.

Whether among the members of this guild—or Club, if you will have it so—there are men of distinction in the professions and in business, no one knows or cares once its waters and woods and fields greet the eye and ear and the thresholds of its doors are crossed. No one here is

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catalogued as a human ledger with entries on the credit side of only fame or fortune, gained at the sacrifice of much that is worth while in the world; though with such a debit side of ungratified joy, that the balance, when struck, gives warning that the life recorded there is all but bankrupt.

Therefore they are hospitable, and you, though the stranger within their gates, will be permitted to know the indefinable charm of this miniature world set apart as it is from the rest of man's work and God's work—where there is wholesome contempt for much that never can have aught in common with such a place of delight. Surely if at all responsive to the appeal which the best of mankind and of nature is making to us all—though many of us unfortunately have such poor hearing—you will have some faint notion of the obligation you are under, at being asked to make this visit with me, once you have really learned of these men and of their possessions here.

There are, however, some suggestions you must not fail to give heed to, if you would be quite welcome and profit by your visit. You

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are not to consider yourself as on parade, or strive to be scintillating, or the central figure in this democracy of equals. Even though filled to overflowing with the brilliant remark, keep it for some one who will appreciate it better than would these men, at least while here. Or if it be really clever, keep it for them at other times and places where amid the ordinary, earthy things of life it will be ensured a hospitable hearing. You might spend no end of time within these old walls, with their old fittings and associations, and hallowed memories, yet not hear the egotistic speech, the story announced at the outset to be "funny" or the attempt to air one's importance or knowledge. Anecdoteage need not expect to win prizes in this place. Modesty holds court here, and the spirit of the injunction of the father to the son starting off for his journey into the world, not to show his gold watch until he was asked what time it was, is part of our unwritten constitution. And when the member is asked for information you will notice how unostentatiously it is forthcoming.

Still you must not for a moment consider that there is lack of wit or of its appreciation

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among these men; quite the contrary, or they would not be as they are, men of such superior judgment. For, rightly interpreted, are not wit and judgment companion traits and but different manifestations of a knowledge of the wise things of the world? To end all doubt on the subject, read the brilliant chapter of one of the great books of the world, past, present or to come—Sterne's "digression" in *Tristram Shandy*, on the two "heavenly emanations," the two "ornamental knobs of the chair." You will find there, too, as satisfactory evidence as anywhere else in his writings, the genius of this man whom many in this day and generation have forgotten or else with whom, to their loss and shame, they have never become acquainted.

In this refuge from boredom there are no such exhibitions of the vanity and selfishness Swift refers to:

For instance, nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together where some one among them hath not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober, deliberate talker, who proceedeth with much thought and caution, maketh his preface, brancheth out into

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several digressions, findeth a hint that putteth him in mind of another story, which he proceedeth to tell you when this is done; cometh back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some persons, holdeth his head; complaineth of his memory; the whole company all the while in suspense; at length, says he, it is no matter, and so goes on. And to crown the business it perhaps proveth at last a story the company hath heard fifty times before; at best some insipid adventure of the relator.

As we hear such words, we are entitled to have the comforting thought that we may be wrong in our misgivings as to the time present—seeing that in some respects at least, the seventeenth century was not radically different from the twentieth. May it not well be that many a modern-day tendency in our political and social life, regarded by us as an new disease, is but a new symptom of an incurable disease as old and likely to continue as long as the hills? Perhaps Gilbert, of Gilbert-Sullivan fame, was right in putting on his “list” the one (characterized by him as the idiot, if I remember rightly)

who praises with enthusiastic tone
All centuries but this and every country but his own.

Let me tell you something else of this place, which you will cease to be incredulous about,

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or surprised at, if ever you become one of us. We shall not be unaccompanied in our journey. Wherever we go together there will be with us the cheery spirit of many a former member—permitted to come back from the majority he has joined, whenever upon the lips or in the thoughts of a friend and companion of his life here in days of old his memory is recalled. Why, the members who still fish and talk and play here in earthly fashion, knowing full well how limited the loss was to be, did not even mourn as those without hope, at the passing out of their lives of these others. The tears and the sighs were few because the living knew that the separation was not to be real, as understood by the uninitiated. If these others were to leave a void here, there would be quite a different story to tell. We know, however, that when they cease to come again by train or motor-car, they will yet come in other fashion—on the winds and in all other ways congenial to those who people the spirit world. There is merely to be a change in the order of the coming of those who go away, to become—suppose we say *non-resident* members.

There is nothing so strange that in our com-

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pany are to be these others; for how many of the ghostly beings, whose dwelling-place is the world of our thoughts, have ever lived at all save in the minds of gifted, inspired men? Without much tax upon your memory, you can call the long roll of such creations of the imagination; and without them as our companions day by day we do not really live our lives.

Do you have in mind Lamb's *Dream Children*? Well, if not, at the first opportunity take the volume from the library shelf or the unvisited garret or wherever else you may be able to come across it, and after ridding it of the accumulated dust read the little story again. Then if you will not believe and know that his dream children were real children, as real as was his "fair Alice," you may be sure we shall have made this journey together in vain.

You recall how, after Colonel Newcome has answered "Adsum" as his name was called and stands in the presence of the Master—and the story is all told—Thackeray adds:

As I write the last line with a rather sad heart, Pendennis and Laura, and Ethel and Olive fade away into Fableland. I hardly know whether they are not true; whether they do not live near us some-

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where. They were alive and I heard their voices; but five minutes since I was touched by their grief;

and keeps "a lingering hold of your hand and bids you farewell with a kind heart."

Yes, Thackeray was right if he believed that they had lived, and wrong if he doubted it; for to us they have just as much lived as has he himself, who is of the immortals only in the creations of his own genius.

Have you had the good fortune to read the touching, exquisite tribute of Barrie to Meredith?

All morning there had been a little gathering of people outside the gate. It was the day on which Mr. Meredith was to be, as they say, buried. He had been, as they say, cremated. The funeral coach came, and a very small thing was placed in it and covered with flowers. One plant of the wall-flower in the garden would have covered it. The coach, followed by a few others, took the road to Dorking, where, in a familiar phrase, the funeral was to be, and in a moment or two all seemed silent and deserted, the cottage, the garden, and Box Hill.

The cottage was not deserted, as They knew who now trooped in to the round in front of it, their eyes on the closed door. They were the mighty company, his children, Lucy and Clara and Rhoda and Diana and Rosa and Old Mel and Roy Richmond and Adrian and Sir Willoughby and a hundred others, and they stood in line against the box-wood, waiting for him to come out. Each of his

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proud women carried a flower, and the hands of all his men were ready for the salute.

What a rebuke are such words for our dullness of vision!

How much more then, can we be said to continue in the companionship of those comrades who have really lived, and who are now the haunting memories of these rooms and fields and woods and streams.

Longfellow, though not always the poet of inspiration, with his nobility of soul had often miraculous insight into things, as unseen by some of us as is the invisible side of the moon. Do we not agree with him that Burns still "haunts his native land as an immortal youth" and that "his hand guides every plow"?

Are we not sure that the spirit of Robert Emmet and of every one that has led a life of generous and self-sacrificing thought and deed is still in the world?

Do we not hear yet the echoing footsteps of Dr. Johnson, as he wanders through Fleet Street in the gloom of want, and again in the sunlight of the plenty which his talents and the absence of any taint of hypocrisy or fawning in his bluff and generous character were to win for

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him? Are not the coffee-houses there again filled with the Wits of London?

As we enter Westminster Hall does it require much draft upon the imagination to reproduce before us the great actors and spectators in that imposing drama of life, when Warren Hastings was arraigned and impeached by Edmund Burke for high crimes and misdemeanors, before the bar of English justice? Can we not believe that Macaulay—with all his love of gaudy coloring which so often caused him to fall short of the highest creative work—was enabled with his mind's eye to view as at an artist's sitting that momentous scene, before he transferred it to his brilliant canvas?

If we cross the Thames and enter the hallowed precincts of Southwark Cathedral, does not the spirit of Shakespeare come from the Globe Theatre near-by to stand with us at the tomb of his brother and of John Gower?

Are not the streets of Rome still peopled with the men who made martial conquest of the earth, and the streets of Athens with those who set standards for intellectual excellence of all time?

Does not Barrie, too, make my belief as to these absent ones of ours a sure conviction, as he

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tells how Meredith himself on that day arose and flung wide open the door of the cottage to greet the great company of his creation:

In the room on the right, in an armchair which had been his home for years—to many the throne of letters in this country—sat an old man, like one forgotten in an empty house. When the last sound of the coaches had passed away he moved in his chair. He wore gray clothes and a red tie, and his face was rarely beautiful, but the hair was white and the limbs were feeble, and the wonderful eyes dimmed, and he was hard of hearing. He moved in his chair, for something was happening to him, and it was this: old age was falling from him. This is what is meant by Death to such as he, and the company awaiting knew. His eyes became again those of the eagle, and his hair was brown, and the lustiness of youth was in his frame, but still he wore the red tie.

He rose, and not a moment did he remain within the house, for “golden lie the meadows, golden run the streams,” and “the fields and the waters shout to him golden shouts.”

Box Hill was no longer deserted. When a great man dies—and this was one of the greatest since Shakespeare—the immortals await him at the top of the nearest hill. He looked up and saw his peers. They were all young, like himself. He waved the staff in greeting. One, a mere stripling, “slight unspeakably,” R. L. S., detached himself from the others, crying gloriously, “Here’s the fellow I have been telling you about!” and ran down the hill to be the first to take his Master’s hand.

In the mean time an empty coach was rolling on to Dorking.

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Is there much doubt in the minds of any of us that there is the "Choir Invisible," and that there proceeds from it a mighty, resistless influence for the fashioning of the thoughts and the words and the deeds of men?

Perhaps you will bear with me for adding an experience of my own.

Once a child came to our household; but ill fitted for the rough, dusty highway of life, he made but a short journey along it. His days were only sufficient to enable him to know a few things, and to lisp a few words. One of the things about him which he recognized and loved—perhaps because it was of such close kinship with himself—was the butterfly, and one of the words he first learned to utter was "Butterf'y." I see him now as I have seen him all these years—as clearly as one can see through tears—with tiny foot uplifted, to descend in little emphatic stamp as he said his one big word. There came a day when, summoned to a distant city on a professional errand, the last I saw of him was as he repeated for me with that voice which was all gentle music, his Butterf'y. Alas, before my return, the spirit of that child which had come out of

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the unknown to our household as a brief resting-spot, had fluttered back to the place whence it had come.

Years went by and now the counterpart of this precious memory, another little boy of a later generation only just a bit sturdier, has come into my life. This new-comer is my good comrade. Often he takes me by the hand—much more than I can be said to take him by his hand—and we wander off in the fields together, to see the flowers and birds, and talk over a good many things which are more worth while than some of us at times realize. It is true I do most of the talking, for he does not yet talk in language that we grown-ups think the only means of communicating ideas. Yet he expresses his assent and dissent in a way clearly understood by himself and quite intelligible to me. Then if his step suggests weariness, he climbs to my shoulder and we leave the bright skies and continue our comradeship indoors. Always at some part of the play, in his own invented way outstretched on half-bent knees he hides his face from me away down among some banked-up pillows. Thereupon I am to call the roll of the places where he

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is not to be found, and he is to answer "No" with that musical, rising inflection all his own. Finally I must guess where he really is. And when—after his mouse-like silence which is confession—I find him laughing as only he can laugh, underneath a shock of golden, sunlight curls, I am quite sure then, as I often am, that something of that other child has passed into the soul and into the face of this gentle, manly and beautiful little boy

No, it would merely be the gratification of a foolish curiosity if as you suggest I consent to be for you the biographer of these men. Moreover, there would be a limit to your patience as I extolled their virtues—while omitting their faults, though for that matter they have none worth chronicling.

I should, however, be remiss if I failed to speak of George the First (there are other Georges here, good fellows, but of course only one George the First); George Rex! George Imperator! No, there is nothing in your point that in this democratic land of ours the only ruler is an unelected boss, and that this George of ours therefore cannot have inherited his

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office but must have been elected. For though the statement be without the support of constitution or by-laws, it is nevertheless true that his term of office is unlimited. The members, voting in their own right, and as the holders of the proxies of these unseen *non-resident* members, merely go through the annual farce of perpetuating in office this man, who *is* the office. Even were he not the whole-souled fellow we all know him to be, and were he at times crusty, as he never is, it is doubtful if we should let him resign his high office, so capably does he administer it. Let me give you an illustration: In years gone by, the big pond over there would uniformly, as the season advanced, become a mass of uninviting weeds, despite the fact that the Club set many of its employees at work to pull them out and then transport them to the barnyard, to fatten the ducks kept there for that purpose. So this good old practice of the Peterkins here would doubtless have gone on till judgment day but for this President, who reasoned thus: Why always weeds to the ducks and never ducks to the weeds? So it was resolved; and if you visit us again later in the year you will witness the industrious,

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talkative snow-white "Pekins" on the pond at their task of which they never weary and from which no weed need ever expect to survive. Then, too, we still have the toothsome, fat duck for the table. There are other reasons a-plenty for our canniness as well as our sentiment, in keeping in office such a resourceful as well as a beloved administrator.

I forbear exhausting your patience with telling you of the others like him. But I am too wise to fall into the inadvertence of the writer who, desiring to sum up a like situation in brief but comprehensive fashion, had the misfortune to trifle with the imported phrase: *Ab uno disce omnes*. Unfortunately it was a quotation which ripped out of its context was made to do service never intended by the author, who was classifying the wicked by reason of the transgression of one offender. So I shall not venture out of my depth, but answer in my native and not in borrowed foreign speech dead or living, that many of the others are an approach to our George in loveableness. As planets they necessarily get some of the reflected light of his ways. Nevertheless, I may later on if the day or

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night be long enough, say a word or two to you of these others.

This quotation adventure, by the way, is not commended to the inexperienced. The cleverest sometimes fall into a trap; and lawyer-like I give you, as I shall again and again, the support of good authority.

In one of the early cases which determined the true interpretation of the commerce clause of our Federal Constitution, a distinguished advocate was seeking to persuade the Supreme Court of the United States that the decision of the Court of last resort of the State of New York was right in holding that this State had, by the statute it had enacted, properly granted exclusive rights for the navigation of the Hudson River. Momentous consequences were involved in the outcome. The federal government was insisting that any such interpretation would throttle industry, and leave the United States in little if any better position as a nation, than under the Articles of Confederation after the arms of the Revolution had been laid down.

The favor of the statute was intended in large part as the just reward of a generous

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State for the history-making steamboat invention of Fulton. In his argument the advocate eloquently urged this view, and in his rhetorical peroration undertook also, by the quotation of a line from Virgil, to depict the stimulus to industry and inventive energy and the national prosperity which would result, if the interpretation of the Courts of New York were upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States:

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

It would have been an apt and telling quotation, if the counsel had been right in his supposition that the *laboris* referred to enterprise and prosperity. Unfortunately he left out of his calculations the other meaning of *labor*—travail and misfortune, which it there signified. As you recall, the line is only part of the words of Æneas, who in his wandering with Achates from Troy has reached Carthage, where he is about to recount to Dido the destruction of his beloved city. As he sees upon the walls of the portals of her palace the graphic pictures which depict the ruin of all that had been dear to him in the world, he cries out in his bitterness:

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*Constitit et lachrymans Quis jam locus inquit Achate
Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*

The Attorney-General of the United States Government, in reply gave the quotation in full, and dealt a crushing blow to the argument of his adversary. For, considering the personnel of the Supreme Court at that time, it is difficult—as I will explain to you at another time if you are interested in the subject—to estimate the far-reaching influence this misquotation exerted.

I might add, that for the solace of the advocate the record of the case was so arranged as to make his error less conspicuous and embarrassing. Curiously enough, a well-known book of classical quotations in my possession makes the same error.

One more illustration of the misquotation habit, and I shall have done. A case was being argued some time since, before a well-known Vice-Chancellor of New Jersey, now gone to his rest. He was an accomplished scholar as well as a wise judge. The perturbed advocate who was thus spurning a concession of his opponent:

Timeo Danaos dona ferentes,

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realized that the Judge, whose closed eyes suggested the judicial nap, was quite awake. For with aroused look and scholarly eye aflame, the Judge interposed, "*Et dona ferentes*, my friend, *even though* they bear gifts"; the emphasis on the "*et*." And with a smile for a literary reprimand he added, "But may your reference to legal authorities have no such fatal omission."

So, you see, I am avoiding any such pitfalls or bramble-bushes as one meets with by rushing at random upon quotations which are often about as serviceable to the user, as the hook to the fish that takes a fancy to the artificial fly.

I wonder whether you will consider it a failure to keep the promise just made to recount to you no more instances of misquotation, if I speak of a chronological mess into which I once heard a well-known legislator of this State stumble?

An unfinished case in court at Albany made it necessary for me to remain there until the day following. During the evening I wandered into the Senate Chamber, where there was a debate of much interest between the Republican leader of the Republican party then in control of the Legislature, and the minority Democratic

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leader—each of whom has gone to such reward as may be the portion of the politician hereafter. The debate was over the proposed passage of a bill which the minority leader was attempting in his declamatory style, to demonstrate would be a denial of the right of home rule to the City of New York. He accordingly pictured himself as a very modern, Democratic Horatius on a Tammany Bridge repelling the attacks of the Huns and Vandals of the Republican party upon the city, for whose safety he seemed prepared to run such risks.

The brilliant Republican leader did not let this opportunity for rejoinder pass when his time came, for he said something after this order: The Senator from the ——— District is quite confused in his recollection of history or legend, for Horatius had long been gathered to his fathers when the Huns and Vandals descended upon the Imperial City. Yet there was a time when Rome was saved from ruin by the cackling of geese; and perhaps what the gentleman wishes to communicate to this body, is not that he is a hero on a bridge, but merely a modern-day representative of that wide-awake and one-time-sacred flock.

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Now, returning to the point we were discussing, what more in common conscience could you wish to know of these members? Little, unless you are of those accustomed to appraise success in life merely by distinction in the clinic, the court-room, or the market-place. Only let me add, do not fall into the error of having recourse here to wrong standards for measuring real worth, for you would thus make shipwreck of your candidacy, however great your desire to be one of us some day. For you will, in a sense, be under scrutiny by those here in spirit as well as in bodily presence, who are to vote on your election. Remember always that one of the conditions on which the *non-resident* members have given proxies to the resident members is, that they are revocable if this implied understanding ever be departed from: No one, for the reason alone that he has been born with or achieved distinction or had it thrust upon him, shall be other than an intruder on this holy ground.

For the qualifications of a candidate, no search is made in the College of Heraldry as to his ancient lineage: his blood is not tested to determine whether it is extremely blue; the

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records of the tax office are not ransacked to ascertain the extent of his accumulations; nor is he required to produce his LL.D. and M.A. sheepskin testimonials of great learning. On the contrary, like Napoleon, the candidate can be his own ancestor; but he must be wise and generous, and have at least red blood, and the proof of his good-fellowship must be incontrovertible. Then the applicant may become, in that phrase of O'Reilly's, an "adopted son."

You must not look here for things banal or new, which the world often sets too much store by; and you must readjust some modern-day notions which—at least while here in this spot—we long ago consigned to the limbo where all foolish notions should be consigned.

There are to be seen here old rooms, old fittings, old appointments; for you will readily understand that those who are of the "dear guest and ghost" membership could not be expected to re-visit strange and therefore uninviting surroundings. And without such membership this Club would indeed have an unfillable void. There, too, is the old mill over whose dam still run the musical waters as they have run through the long years—since

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the days of the Revolution our pleasing historian Gherardi tells us. Yet chief among the old things you will find here, is the survival of that fellowship which makes each member in this loyal, royal circle a man and a brother. If you profit by this visit you will surely flout the cheap assertions that environment has not often a determining influence on men's dispositions and conduct. For change the surroundings never so slightly, and the living humans themselves here have changed too; and of course the ghosts are gone, since they would not tolerate the iconoclast in these hallowed precincts. You may be sure the "resident" members would never run the risk of such a calamity.

Do not, however—with your astigmatic vision as to this place and these men—which will continue until you are fitted by me or someone else with right glasses to look through—entertain the view that with my extended monologue we are not progressing toward this land I am picturing to you. It is essential that we take the *festina lente* gait in our journey. Otherwise the woods and fields and streams and the men, too, might then appear to you as not unlike other woods and fields and streams and

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men; and you could not possibly be guilty of any more foolish error.

So I shall digress now and then in order that you may get the several points of view you will need, from which to see these men and these things understandingly. And always remember that the digression is the antithesis of transgression.

Sterne never got fairly started with his story; but one "digression" after another took possession of him, and the masterpiece was finished before the story had been begun. What an irreparable loss it would be if the prefaces of the chapters of Thackeray and Fielding—their digressions—had never been penned. Therefore level at me none of your complaints for my wanderings as if they were an offense. Remember, too, how often I return to firm ground, as I present to you these men through the sayings of the Masters. So I shall quote from them again and again and make it clear to you how much better it is to have me string together some of the wise things others have said, than to strive for so-called originality,—which sometimes is a label for queer com-

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pounds. An Irishman, a justice in one of our minor district courts, who was more distinguished for his wit than for his legal learning, once said to me that his court was properly enough called one of original jurisdiction, because it was the source of so much original law. And how much more enjoyment we should bring to ourselves and be the source of for others, if we stifled some of our striving after originality!

You do not in truth need quotations as a justification for my desultory un-original talk. We all know the lot of one that goes forward to the goal of his ambition on the often uninviting, dusty, overcrowded highway—regarding neither the left nor the right, turning away from the fields and woods and streams and by-paths, which all call to him to revel in their beauty. The void is greater than the substance of that man's life. Ruskin says in his Chapter *Ad Valorem* in *Unto this Last*, which will live when some of his more ambitious work will have been forgotten:

As the art of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary; the wild flowers by the wayside as well as the tended corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest as well as the tended cattle; because man doth not live by bread only, but also by the desert manna,

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One who disregards such a view will be equally unmindful of the diverting poetic excursion, and accordingly the best of life and of literature will be a closed book to him. Nor ought we to be too sure that the hopeless dullness of his monotony will serve him in the matter of harvesting the fame or money or distinction in life, for which he is making such a cruel sacrifice. For in the crop thus gathered will be found no small proportion of the noxious tare.

After all, in such a life can there be said to be any harvest, since with the harvest there is associated in our minds the productive soil, the sunlight, the exhilaration of effort. I have always thought another illustration more befitting its description.

Doubtless, city-bred as you are, you never saw the old-fashioned, horse-power-driven, itinerant threshing-machine such as in days gone by made its fall visits to the small farms of our neighborhood. Its operation involved a cruel kind of work even for a horse, which could never make progress up or down, backward or forward, with all its climbing on and on. Merciless enough was that machine, with its propped-up, steeply inclined frame, rigid in all

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but the floor beneath which was to move when the grinding began, compelling the horse to begin his uphill climb—though there was no hilltop to reach—or be bruised and crushed as he was thrown forward. I see it as I saw it so often on our farm, but with the spectacles now in my possession, I can make out that there is a man in it with hopeless face and stooping body as he too climbs to his work. Like the horse he is grinding for someone else to profit by. As he sweats, but keeps on climbing yet never advancing, he cannot enjoy sights—much less visions—since there are none unenveloped in the dust he is making. Even the humane dust-consumer could not appreciably improve all this; for, as you see, the back must be bent, the head well inclined and the eye on the earth or he would not be able to grind at all. What a noise there is too! Yet there is no good reason why we should be so much concerned at what is happening, since the man knew beforehand that the job he had volunteered for would have nothing to do with prospects or quiet—but was to be only grinding.

By legislation and by vast expenditures we are demanding that the wage-earner, though he

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must get his bread by the sweat of the face, shall nevertheless not work as one without hope. Yes, now that I think of it with the charity born of this place, I was quite inconsiderate, about the poor fellow over there in that threshing-machine. Surely let us not be contemptuous of him, for he is beyond the reach of the reclaiming agencies of either statute or money. Salvation must be preached to him though unfortunately these days are not very orthodox. It is a sad case, and I would not reflect upon your intelligence to the extent of saying that this human threshing-machine does not include our Club in its itinerary.

Those of low as well as of high station, the poor as well as the rich, to their discomfort and at times their destruction, cling to the idols of possessions.

The appalling sea tragedy seems but yesterday, when that proud vainglorious ship sailed boastingly out of one harbor never to reach another. On the deck of that ship after she had foundered, her captain—with what anguish only we who knew him intimately will ever begin to understand—was directing how others were to be saved, with never a thought of him-

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self. He was to be the last man on deck and go down with his ship. He told two of the crew to man a life-boat filled with women. As the captain turned away one of them said to his mate, that he would go down to his bunk for some of his belongings but be back in a moment; the life-boat was launched with a substitute who was saved. He who was lost doubtless found the things he went in search of, but both he and they lie now at the bottom of the sea.

What was true of this sailor is true of many a man we have known. Yes, more than this, for he perhaps could not afford to part with his belongings, while others come to grief in the greedy pursuit of the thing for which they have no real need. Alas, still others meet their fate in the pursuit of the thing which can never rightfully be theirs.

What loathsome, destroying disease can the innocent-looking germ of a wrong conception of life breed in us.

We do not have to go back to the classics to learn that the bow must be relaxed, if its further use be of any moment to its owner. Next to

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the blessings Sancho Panza invoked for the inventor of sleep—and of course they should come first—be those for him who invented the “digression,” not alone for the written book or the told story, but for the journey of life. For it always keeps men from much monotony and grief, and sometimes it saves them from selling themselves into slavery.

Not so much effort after all is needed to secure this union of work and play such as you see manifest here among the men of this Club. Pardon me for giving you by way of illustration a leaf out of the book of my own experience.

Once a valued client—about the beginning of June, when the salmon were beginning their annual run from the sea—wished my professional advice in one of his many money-making projects. The salmon was my plea for a vacation. He replied that I could go, after what he wished me to assist him in accomplishing had filled his pockets, and put some small change at least into mine. Poor man, he knew nothing of fresh-run salmon, of beautiful rivers and pools and woods, of the exhilaration of the long walk, of taking a hand at poling the canoe up the rapids, or of the delight of a day well spent

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and of floating down-stream with that canoe not filled with fish, but with one or two worth while—back to the camp to swap stories with your messmates, of the big salmon that rose once but would never rise again, and of the one that really got away through no fault of the man behind the rod. Why, this client of mine seemed to think all this would wait for me, and that bright salmon could be killed with as complete a disregard of season as cold-storage market salmon could be bought. I sought to make it clear to him that one of my partners would serve him just as well. The wily client replied in his most brazen, flattering way that for me there was no substitute. Nevertheless I was cajolery-proof. I had, however, to use all my arts of persuasion—for there was before me the warning that a lawyer pleading his own cause has a fool for a client. So I tried my hand at painting a picture for him, in order to secure his cordial assent to my going—though I should have gone, believe me, whether or no. I told him of fishing, not merely when the sun was well up in the heavens, but of another kind when the daylight is ebbing away into that, which with us would be a rapidly diminishing

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twilight and then night, but which on a salmon-river is often but the occasion for the oncoming flood of a wondrous, prolonged afterglow from the west, and the streaming in of a majestic light from the north; and when, too, the birds are all out as if for a prize-song festival. For the hermit-thrush is there with that plaintive, emotional, soul-stirring note which only he and his half-brother, the wood-thrush, and his diminutive second cousin, the veery—each of whom is there as well—can ever sing. So, too, is the white-throated sparrow—the Peabody bird for some classifications, but the nightingale of the canoemen, and justly so called by them since almost invariably he repeats his gentle, restful notes at midnight. Then, most wonderful of all, the tiny winter wren—which the writers of bird-books know so little of, or at least write so unappreciatively of—begins his magician's song—which in its wild careering, profligate notes is not merely an outburst of melody but—— No, I forego any attempt at description of my own, but quote you the comment, or rather protest, of a graceful writer over an inadequate reference to this wren.

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This is Nuttall's description:

The wren has a pleasing warble, much louder than might be expected from its diminutive size. Its song likewise continues more or less throughout the year—even during the prevalence of a snow-storm it has been heard as cheerful as ever. It likewise continues its note till very late in the evening, though not after dark.

This is the protest of the commentator, Mr. Montague Chamberlain:

Had Nuttall ever met with the winter wren in its summer haunts; had he ever heard its wild melody break the stillness of the bird's forest home, or know of the power controlled by that tiny throttle, and of its capacity for brilliant execution; had he but once listened to its sweet and impassioned tones and the suggestive joyousness of its rapid thrills; had Nuttall, in short, ever heard the bird sing—he could not, surely, have damned it with such faint praise. The song of this wren is not well known; for the bird seldom sings beyond the nesting season, and then is rarely heard away from the woodland groves. But once heard the song is not soon forgotten; it is so wild and sweet a lay, and is flung upon the woodland quiet with such energy, such hilarious abandon, that it compels attention. Its merits entitle it to rank among the best of our sylvan songsters.

I told my client Midas, of casting for salmon amid such light and such sounds in the waters of a pool reflecting as in a magic mirror all the wealth of glorious color in the heavens, and of

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the rise of a big fish to the fly, and of the added music of the high reel-note as he makes his first big run. Yes, you and he did hear me aright; it was the *music* of the reel. If you still insist that it was a discord, I shall have no dispute with you, but retort that out of discords Wagner wrought some of his surpassing orchestral harmonies. Then I described to him the mighty leap of the fish from the pool and the conclusion of the fisherman that everything animate about himself had at the same time left his body; the prolonged matching of the wit of man against the wit of the salmon; the calling into service sometimes of the picturesque flambeau; and the final human triumph with the salmon netted or beached—not gaffed, for such butchers' work was long since banished there.

After that persuasive picture, I added up for him the other *pros* and an inconsequential *con* or two something after this fashion: You, my client, are not in trouble. No one seeks to diminish that big pile of your accumulations; you wish merely to add to it. Even suppose you are correct in thinking I alone can best serve you. Why should I, if by so doing I be

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obliged to substitute the unprofitable fee for some of the Joy of life, who has a disposition not to come your way again, if you do not always keep the door of your being flung wide open for her to enter? Or to change the figure of speech, Joy will cease with her warnings, if like Felix of old you answer too often, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

I added that gray hairs and a grandchild were my *memento moris*, and my advance information that the season was not so far off, when I should cast no fly in any waters. When that day had come and the newspapers had informed him I should never again be adviser or advocate for anyone, I suggested that perhaps he might be disposed to say to himself, "Well, sorry enough am I that an important business engagement makes it impossible for me to hear the last word said concerning my counsel and the last hymn sung in his behalf, for he was a good kind of a fellow." Whereupon I made two proposals to him: that he consent that I go without irritation on his part, and that neither of us permit any engagement to interfere with attendance at that last office for the one, to whom the night had

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come and whose work was over. The sequel was that the client agreed to wait; later his project was successfully carried out, and meanwhile he received a fine specimen of the king of fish from the waters I went to. And one of us is assured of the presence of the other, on that final day when ashes shall be given to ashes and dust to dust.

Before we end our talk of fishing and get to your enjoyment of the sport, let me play the philosopher and suggest how often in trait and gullibility men are like unto fish.

At times when the sun is in mid-heaven the salmon seems proof against all the wiles of the fisherman, and never so much as wag of head or tail will there be for encouragement, though in turn all somber flies—Black Dose, Night Hawk, or what you will—be tried. There lies the motionless salmon in his favored pool. Then the gaudiest, biggest Silver Doctor will bring the rush, the rise and the prey.

Bret Harte in his inimitable way tells how some men are to be taken. Fortunately the scene of the story is not laid in New York. Otherwise my sense of fair dealing and courtesy and perhaps compassion would forbid my adding

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a further reason (quite as convincing though as some of the other silly reasons given) why the doors of our poor old battered Stock Exchange should be boarded up for good and all. For the broker of whom the story is told was a wicked man and gave away dangerous secrets to the Devil. This Devil was once fishing from the roof of a church in Sacramento for victims in the street below, but with indifferent success. In return for all the untiring efforts which only a devil can make, his sole catch was a broker, who thereupon twitted the Devil of unskilfulness, while boasting of his own cunning. Finally the bargain was struck that the broker was to take a hand at the fishing, and the Devil go down into the street. I should like to think that this broker was a kindly soul and did not wish the Devil to get possession of any new secrets as against men, who, heaven knows, even under most favorable conditions have a perilous time with life and devils. Alas, it was no charitable thought of that broker which imposed the condition that the Devil go down into the street, but merely, as you will learn, the vanity to make his own triumph and the Devil's discomfiture come full circle,

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Thereupon the broker fished alone, and victim after victim was stretched upon the roof until *mirable dictu*—and here is uncovered the reason for that proviso about the enforced descent of the Devil—up came the Devil himself at the end of the line. I forget whether it is recorded that the Devil blushed. Doubtless he prayed—or had recourse to something which with devils corresponds to prayer—that the broker tell him the name of the irresistible fly. The broker was inconsiderate enough to disclose the secret, and ever since the Devil has understood more than before about fishing for men; for he learned that it was the “Wild-cat” fly which had done such deadly execution.

As there is a sprinkling of brokers among the members here, perhaps it would be prudent for me to add—lest it be thought I am seeking to establish a monopoly of wickedness in their class—that in popular estimation the Devil would not carry on such a thriving business, did he not now and then replenish his old shop-worn goods, with a fresh stock from the manufacturing plant of the lawyer as well as the broker.

The men of this Club—whom by the way I am picturing to you in my rambling talk, oftener

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than you realize—have long understood all this which I was at such pains to detail to my client. They are not sacrificing the days and years of their lives to the end that they may become either misers or spendthrifts of the possessions they have heaped up. It should occasion no surprise therefore, when you see them here, in the full possession of strength, having cast off in whole or part the burden of pitiless work long before it has rounded the shoulders, flattened the chests, and destroyed the enthusiasm for the golden hours of the afternoon and the evening of life. Each of them knows what it means

To mix his blood with sunshine and to take
The winds into his pulses.

Again I have recourse to Ruskin in his *Ad Valorem* Chapter:

We need examples of people also leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek—not greater wealth but simpler pleasure; not higher fortune but deeper felicity, making the first of possessions self-possession.

Believe me, my friend, these men are as good examples as you could find of such even though you ransacked the earth.

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If you would know of their capacity for friendship, I ask Montaigne—one of my authorities for the sin or virtue of rambling, just as your point of view is—to speak for me, with that charm which has made his writings so refreshing to those that weary of much of the commonplace in the literary output of to-day.

In that matchless translation of Florio we read:

As for the rest, those we ordinarily call friends and amities, are but acquaintances and familiarities, tied together by some occasion or commodities, or means whereof our mindes are entertained. In the amitie I speak of, they entermixe and confound themselves one in the other, with so universall a commixture, that they weare out, and can no more finde the seme that hath conjoyned them together. If a man urged me to tell wherefore I loved him, I feele it cannot be expressed, but by answering; Because it was he, because it was my selfe. There is beyond all my discourse, and besides what I can particularly report of it, I know not what inexplicable and fatall power, a meane and Mediatrix of this indissoluble union. We sought one another, before we had seene one another, and by the reports we had heard one of another; which wrought a greater violence in us, than the reason of reports may well beare: I think by some secret ordinance of the heavens, we embraced one another by our names. And at our first meeting, which was by chance at a great feast, and solemne meeting of a whole towneship, we found our selves so surprized, so knowne, so acquainted, and so combinedly bound together, that

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from thence forward, nothing was so neere unto us, as one unto another.

Yet neither Shakespeare, nor Montaigne, nor Cicero, nor Emerson, nor Horace, nor any of the other illustrious men whose voices are immortal in the world, ever told of a finer, more generous, responsive, unselfish manifestation of priceless friendship than joins together this band of brothers here.

Do not, therefore, consider all this preliminary talk of mine superfluous. You need, you often say, the guide to instruct you as to insects and birds and flowers and stars in space. How, then, are you justified in rushing to the conclusion that any part of this introduction is superfluous? You wish to meet these men understandingly. Accordingly you ought to be interested in advance, in knowing how it is that the modern-day miracle is wrought, whereby this comradeship has grown up among men of divergent tastes and notions and occupations—evidenced not by the flabby deposit of one hand into another, but by the grip of the hand, the hearty, affectionate greeting and embrace,

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which ordinarily we associate only with the effervescence of impulsive youth.

The fact is that there is this transformation, when the threshold of these inviting rooms is crossed, and the engrossing thoughts of the several walks of life—from which the members come and to which they must necessarily return—are shed as a worldly garment not to be paraded or even worn here.

At a public dinner a short time since, I was the guest of an old friend—not a snob I should explain, lest you misinterpret what he said to me. He had had many advantages of birth and breeding and education and social environment. On the way home in his carriage he communed with himself and me, to the effect generally that doubtless I was a bit surprised to meet his other guests of the evening. “Well,” said he, “they are with me a good deal nowadays at my luncheon club, at my home, at their homes and at public dinners, though we were not friends in boyhood or at the university or in middle age, and have not altogether the same point of view of life. Yet steadily one by one, my old companions have gone the way we must all go, and

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but for these men I should be, as it were, alone in the world." Then the thought occurred to me: what would have been the satisfaction of this man's diminishing life, had the good fortune come to him to be one of this company, where the greater the age and the more uncertain the step, the more loving are the arms of welcome.

Did you ever hear the old, almost forgotten English ballad "The Keys of Heaven" really sung? If not, get some one to sing it for you; not slur or murder the song but interpret it. Or if this be impracticable read it—but read even such attenuated poetry aloud, as you ought to read all poetry, unless trying not to understand it. Then realize that the "keys of the heart" and not the "keys of Heaven" or the treasures of earth, are the way to the companionship of "walk and talk," among these men, just as they were with the long-hesitating, but ultimately wise lady of the song.

If you are disposed to refer to the tales you say you have heard of the merry-making of these men, why then I interpose for them the demurrer—which with us of the law serves the purpose of the colloquial retort of the layman:

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Well, what of it! There is no court of conscience or of good manners or of common sense that is entitled to be applauded for condemning mirth which—though it may be over-indulged in, as it never is here—is in large part born of wisdom. For the wisest at times give themselves over to what is playful and frolicsome,

“Within the limit of becoming mirth.”

Thank Heaven there still live men with such good sense allied to moderation, as to be merry. Why the very word “merry,” as it is understood by us here, and as it was once understood by the world, ill serves for any unfavorable comment or reflection upon the doings of such men. You do not have to ransack the erudite volumes of the etymologists, to learn that “merry” was once descriptive of that which promoted true pleasure and happiness and agreeable diversion, and had to do even with religious fervor. Mr. L. Pearsall Smith, in his entertaining as well as instructive work on the English language, will tell you this.

Mirth is not a debauch, nor was “Merrie England” intended to portray England on a spree.

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If you are disposed to be still more of a word-antiquarian, you can learn from the modern dictionary, and from Mr. Pearsall, too, that "merry" can be traced further back to the word which signified "short"; so that what is merry is but means to the end of lessening care and the dullness of life by good cheer. If as you intimate, "merry" has come to have the slightly opprobrious significance of excessive frivolity, when applied to the doings of full-grown men gathered together, it is only because the conduct of some others has been beyond the border line which discretion ought to prescribe for its legitimate province. Read Lamb's "New Year's Eve" if you would know how even a shy, retiring soul can voice for us a bold, unanswerable plea for the pleasures of living.

Have you of late read Sterne's touching dedication of *Tristram Shandy* to Mr. Pitt, whom he first addresses as Great Sir, and then as "more to his Honour Good Sir?"

Never poor wight of a Dedicator had less hopes from his Dedication than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye corner of the kingdom and in a retir'd thatch'd house, where I live in a constant endeavor to fence against the infirmities of ill health and other evils of life by mirth, being firmly per-

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suaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs, it adds something to this Fragment of Life.

How thoroughly this stricken man of genius understood the true meaning of mirth!

How delightful would be the world if we could organize humankind into groups, and license to stray from the somber path of the conventions only those with the capacity and the virtue to curb over-indulgence in pleasures, which, as I have said, is never witnessed within this group of men here. For like other sensible men they can make the trivial wager without dipping into someone else's cash-box for the wherewithal; they know the cup that cheers but not the cup that inebriates; and they can unbend without rolling on the floor.

How discriminating my licensing bureau would be in recognizing that the dangerous experiment for one is but a petty offense for another. Before consenting to issue its license it would take into consideration that, in some instances, even the petty offense should not be so unbridled as to set an evil example to the community at large. My bureau would determine which of the statues are to have clothes

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on, and which are to be seen in their naked grace and beauty; which books are to be published in their entirety and which are to have expurgated editions; it could determine—no, I must cut illustrations short, or run the risk of being excommunicated by some of the uncompromising, for attempting to turn upside down the established social order.

Yet what a new era of sanity and wisdom such a beneficent license bureau would usher in, by thus prescribing the ordering of the comings and goings of men on the fine principle of conduct of Dr. Johnson—to be abstemious when it was impossible to be temperate. Perhaps the motto of the bureau might be adapted from the quotation Bosworth makes: Refrain if you cannot abstain.

All decently merry men would, of course, favor such a bureau. And how could the dull, censorious just make their righteousness square with a vote against such a reasonable alignment of the parties, as we of the law would say. For thereby much happiness would come into the world without risk to those not entitled to, and therefore not able to get, their license. Let us have done with the view that is always yea

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yea, and nay nay, and by way of variety, now and then at least, adopt the view that is relative and not absolute.

Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit, says La Rochefoucauld. Nor was he any mean philosopher, nor as some superficially think, merely the cynic. He did not propose, without protest, that vice should be permitted to wear the livery of virtue, or pretense that of merit, or arrogance that of true courtesy. Would that more of us looked long and understandingly into his mirror, where the wisest attitude toward life is so often reflected!

Shakespeare, to whom we so often have recourse for the organic law of common sense, sums this controversy up for us all:

Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.

Do you wish a very modern view of the visitations of the hard-and-fast censor of things finite and infinite? The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table tells how—no, you shall have the incident in Oliver Wendell Holmes's own words, for it would be literary heresy to attempt to paraphrase it:

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That were garnered by ^{stable-boys} ~~maidens who laughed through~~ ^{smoking}
long-nines.
~~the vines.~~

Then a ^{scowl} ~~smile~~, and a ^{howl} ~~glass~~, and a ^{scoff} ~~toast~~, and a ^{sneer} ~~cheer~~,
^{strychnine and whisky, and ratsbane and beer}
For all the good ~~wine, and we've some of it here!~~

In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Down, down, with the tyrant that masters us all!
~~Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!~~

The company said I had been shabbily treated, and advised me to charge the committee double—which I did. But as I never got my pay, I don't know that it made much difference. I am a very particular person about having all I write printed as I write it. I require to see a proof, a revise, a re-revise, and a double re-revise, or fourth-proof rectified impression of all my productions, especially verse. A misprint kills a sensitive author. An intentional change of his text murders him. No wonder so many poets die young.

Yes, true enough it is, that few of us can tolerate the combined loss of pay and self-esteem from any such high-handed proceeding. Why even Mrs. Malaprop was aroused to great wrath, merely by "aspersions upon her parts of speech."

Just here let me tell you of a conversation I

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once had with Lord Charles Russell, one evening while he was in this country. As a barrister he had been counsel to the English Jockey Club. As Lord Chief Justice he was called upon to decide a case in which the Club was deeply interested, involving the question whether an anti-gambling-house statute prohibited the wager on the race-course. He of course was under obligation to render a *pro forma* decision against the claims of the Club, so that the case might be heard before the House of Lords on final appeal. Called upon to adopt this course, he was much interested in the decisions of our courts concerning a somewhat similar statute of the State of New York. I wish some extremists could have listened to his commendation of the statute and the decisions which declined to order decapitation for the simple, inoffensive wager; and also to his sane, temperate discussion of the general subject of diversion, which so often incurs the risk of the *ex-cathedra* judgment as for hopeless, uncondonable guilt.

A distinguished surgeon of a foreign city some time since told me of a remark once made to him by Oliver Wendell Holmes—that the bigot,

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like the pupil of the eye, contracts under the light. Clever and epigrammatic surely that was; and let us hope, despite some rather disheartening experiences to the contrary, that it may come to be true of our day and generation. Alas that the gospel of reasonableness is preached and practised so sparingly in these exacting, strenuous days!

In short, after much reflection, I am quite prepared to insist that the license coming from my bureau would, in importance and salutary influence, be next to the poetic license—though of course in this too prosaic world, the poetic license should have the first place of honor.

Inasmuch, too, as there is the counterfeit as well as the genuine poetic license, my bureau might in time acquire jurisdiction over the granting of even it. Yes, in my Republic or Utopia, the poet would have to apply for his license by a very convincing petition—not written in rhyme or blank verse either, but in wingless prose—before securing permission to carry about any such dangerous, concealed weapon as the pen.

If you would have more ancient authority, then recall how Ovid, after having said—: If

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we mount too high we set the heavens aflame;
and if we descend too low we set the earth
aflame—adds that which has ever since been
regarded as typically descriptive of the golden
mean in life—

Medio tutissimus ibis

A beloved partner of mine, Charles Francis Stone, with whom I was associated for so many years until he went to the reward reserved for the elect—a man of infinite humor and noble character, whose profound legal learning was matched by his general scholarship—said to me that a fellow-student of his at Harvard once translated these words “The Ibis is safest in the middle way.” Along with our smile at this, should we not pause to consider how many there are who, though they avoid any such rendering, yet never arrive at the true meaning of the phrase, so little do they know of life however much they may know of Latin.

We can learn from Horace that to the great men of old, dignity was not necessarily associated with what Sheridan aptly terms “An unforgiving eye and a damned disinheriting

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countenance." For Horace tells in one of his Satires how Scipio Africanus and Laelius were accustomed, with Lucilius, to make merry until the cabbage was well boiled. If one is curious as to the special kind of play in which they indulged themselves, he will find the information in the note of an ancient commentator, which tells how Lucilius ran around the dining couch, threatening a blow with the twisted napkin.

Fortunate indeed it is for their peace of mind (which is another term for the preservation of their conceit), that some of the dyspeptics do not indulge in the reading of the ancient, or for that matter the modern classics.

How well Horace, whose wise and kindly face looks out so often from the pages of his writings, came to know life as he went on in his journey. How he evidenced that understanding by many an injunction not to be forever on the highways of life where the multitude strive and struggle, but to frequent, now and then, the places where Relaxation so often loiters with Joy for a companion. What good judgment, and common sense and wholesome advice and wisdom are in such lines as these:

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*Verum pone moras et studium lucri
Nigroromque memor, dum licet, ignium
Misce stultitiam conciliis brevem
Dulce est desipere in loco.*

What a sermon it is for all of us, however much identified we may be with the world of affairs—preached by Horace and practised here among these men.

We are not to lose interest in practical affairs; only we are to assign them their proper place in the true economy of life; we are not to give over the acquisition of possessions, but are to put away from us the greed of wealth, and the folly and nonsense commended to us are not to be long-continued or over-indulged in, but brief, and fitting, as well. And all this is to be done while we have the opportunity, and are mindful of the consuming fires of the funeral pyre.

If your patience or my time permitted, I could reinforce all this by further generous selections from the great poets, whom so many of us erroneously regard as guilty of extravagance in expression. I could quote, too, from Cicero and a host of others, and if need be, from Holy Writ, down to this modern strenuous day of exhausting the never-to-be-renewed sources of life. We replenish our bank-accounts so that we may not overdraw them; we are on the hunt

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for the good-health nostrum lest we become bankrupt in health; but to the springs of the emotions and of geniality, we give little heed. We relegate to the nursery all such sane adages as "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and go in on life with the capacity irretrievably gone for the infectious, vigor-producing, joy-producing, frolicsome nonsense.

Why, even the baseball "fan" whose hard, unenviable job in life it is to occupy the "bleachers," is wiser, for *he* "stretches at the seventh inning."

The men of this Club have a fairly good opinion of themselves, but that is mere pride of character, not the petty vanity of an offensive conceit. Why should not such men know their worth? They have been with and are esteemed by their peers whose approval is a certificate of good character and good citizenship. No one of this Club would feel it to be anything but a calamity in his life, if he ceased to be well thought of by his fellows here, or lost their affectionate regard; and this would surely result if the conceit were too pronounced.

I spoke perhaps too hastily a moment since of the conceit of the dyspeptic. Let us not bear

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too hardly on him or anyone else in this matter of conceit; for what would become of us if we possessed none of it? If the choice has to be between too much conceit or none, my vote might perhaps be for the conceit. You remember what our old friend the "Autocrat" says about it:

Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about. Nature is very wise; but for this encouraging principle how many small talents and little accomplishments would be neglected! Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet, and renders it enduring. Say rather it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wave in which he dips. When one has *all* his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost all his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.

Let me add one other illustration. You see, as I promised, how in the main, my talk takes on the form of the brief—the assertion and then the authority: though sometimes, as one may not do at the Bar with the legal principle, I assert the right to announce new and unsupported theories of my philosophy of life.

Here it is, from George Eliot:

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Indeed, what mortal is there of us, who would find his satisfaction enhanced by an opportunity of comparing the picture he presents to himself of his own doings, with the picture they make on the mental retina of his neighbors? We are poor plants buoyed up by the air-vessels of our own conceit; alas for us, if we get a few pinches that empty us of that windy self-subsistence! The very capacity for good would go out of us. For, tell the most impassioned orator, suddenly, that his wig is awry, or his shirt-lap hanging out, and that he is tickling people by the oddity of his person, instead of thrilling them by the energy of his periods, and you would infallibly dry up the spring of his eloquence. That is a deep and wide saying, that no miracle can be wrought without faith—without the worker's faith in himself, as well as the recipient's faith in him. And the greater part of the worker's faith in himself is made up of the faith that others believe in him.

Let me be persuaded that my neighbor Jenkins considers me a blockhead, and I shall never shine in conversation with him any more. Let me discover that the lovely Phoebe thinks my squint intolerable, and I shall never be able to fix her blandly with my disengaged eye again.

Thank heaven, then, that a little illusion is left to us, to enable us to be useful and agreeable—that we don't know exactly what our friends think of us—that the world is not made of looking-glass, to show us just the figure we are making, and just what is going on behind our backs! By the help of dear, friendly illusion, we are able to dream that we are charming—and our faces wear a becoming air of self-possession; we are able to dream that other men admire our talents—and our benignity is undisturbed; we are able to dream that we are doing much good—and we do a little.

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Now let me try my hand (and here you see appearing the very conceit I am inveighing against) at an illustration. In order that conceit be tolerable to others and not hopelessly demoralizing to ourselves, it ought not to be our distinguishing, preponderating trait. It should always be an alloy in our make-up, as is the alloy in the precious-metal coin, which thereby is hardened and toughened, so as to withstand the rough handling the world is to give it. If, however, there be too abounding a conceit for our character-alloy, then the parallel would be the spurious, counterfeit coin or even the gold brick.

There is no trace of a crude selfishness in these men, as there is no false sentiment or lack of candor as they cling tenaciously to their possessions here. Are they not right in all this? Do not the most favored of us ordinarily see the companions of youth and school and university dropping out of the ranks of the procession, without any to close up the gaps? Or if there be such, they are but the stranger or the chance acquaintance. These men look out from their surroundings, at least with equanimity upon many a disheartening prospect for the others.

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For here with their contentment, they perhaps involuntarily have a feeling approaching to a kind of peace at the contrast. To be convinced that such a state of mind often justifiably or at least unconsciously results under like conditions, you have only to read in the opening of the second book of Lucretius' *De Rerum Natura*, of a certain kind of pleasurable satisfaction to one safe on shore, at beholding the distress of those in peril from the violent seas.

Even though the statement were true that these members do not carry into the great outside world the same broad, charitable views they entertain while in this miniature world, the fact need not necessarily be apologized for as a fault. These men know enough of life to enjoy it sanely, with an enthusiasm to which only discretion sets bounds, and yet have a sympathetic interest and an active share in giving a helping hand to those that seem likely to stumble or lose their way in that outside world. If you pattern others after such men, have you not immeasurably advanced the outposts of generosity and kindness? If, on the other hand, you undertake to collect together a body of men, whose announced business it is to love

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mankind indiscriminately, is there not a risk that your group will include at least some questionable saints and stagy politicians, with here and there a very evident hypocrite?

I attended one evening not so long ago a political dinner, at which two speakers now occupying high positions in the federal government, asserted that the true rule of life was the desire to love and be loved by our fellow-men. I was convinced then as I am now, that something more is needed to assure our safety on the voyage we all are making, than any such cheering "All's Well" from the Lookout. I was convinced then as I am now that we must, in addition, insist upon chart and compass, and at least appliances for dead reckoning if we are to be denied those requisite for the observation. There are abroad in the modern-day world with all its finer progress, many new-fangled notions of political rights and duties that are conspicuously false. One having the courage to announce his lack of sympathy with such notions invites denunciation from the spawners of them—and generally gets his invitation accepted with pleasure and promptness. The condition of being loved by such men is that we agree with them.

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How would it do to change somewhat any such besetting ambition—to be loved by all our fellow-men—to a rule of conduct which shall have for its first and fundamental prompting the performance of duty as it presents itself, and acquiescence in only worthy ideas—so that there shall be for us the resulting self-respect? Let the approval of the multitude and the majority follow if it will; but let us gain our own approval first, and have the mirror into which we look give back the reflection of nothing, the genuineness of which we are in any wise doubtful about.

We have to wait a long time in the world for correct information; and until the revision of the Scriptures, none but biblical scholars knew that the writer of Proverbs had said: "He that maketh many friends doeth it to his own destruction." And Hamlet said: Not many friends, but those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried (and these can never be many), grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

"But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade."

Let me add that the distinguishing traits of sanity, kindliness, gentleness, fine courage and

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manly spirit, and last but not least the reasonable conservatism of many a member of this Club, and their wholesome contempt for the charlatan (though for the moment he may have usurped the judgment seat) enable them to keep step in the ranks of advancing citizenship. And these men do this better than many others that are disposed to be rather noisy about their accomplishments.

How refreshing it is to meet a body of men such as you see here with temperate, well-seasoned, progressively conservative and conservatively progressive opinions to express—men of years and wisdom, but not aged!

For the thought of Swift is the thought of all of us: "Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old." If we reckon life by mere lapse of years, perhaps the majority here are well along in their journey, with but a slight admixture of the few young men, who for good and sufficient reasons have been permitted to join this family of their seniors.

The truth is that in no such Club as this should the young man be monarch; because if life is to be progressive as to pleasure as well

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as duty, there should always be the fuller enjoyment for youth to look forward to. And most things in life are an anti-climax to the gratification from companionship with a group of men like these.

It is sometimes a question in the minds of those of mature years, whether our present-day methods with the youngster are the best for his true rearing. To give him too early in life a salmon-rod, or to introduce him to an experience which can better come to him when qualified by years and observation for its full appreciation, is to promote the development of that depressing sight—the blasé youth.

After a fashion, it is like the unwisdom of handing over to the immature French child La Fontaine's Fables to be learned by rote. For what can it be expected to fathom of the depth of his insight into life, the gentle satire and the satisfying, refreshing philosophy which he has put into such masterpieces as "*Les Animaux Malades de la Peste*" and "*Les deux Pigeons*"? Of the significance of "*La Chene et la Roseau*," the child would have about as much real understanding, as of the Ode of Horace which tells how the great pine is so often swept

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by the tempest and the loftiest towers fall. The failure when young to know the worth of such masterpieces, may mean a failure also to know their worth when the child has become man; for with the re-reading in after years, the childish interpretation is imperceptibly revived, so as to interfere with an adequate appreciation of the genius of La Fontaine. Perhaps it is for this reason that the subtle charm of his creations is often more apparent to foreigners than to his countrymen.

By no means do I consider it a misfortune without its distinct compensation, that some of us here long ago parted company with our teens.

While we are upon this subject of education perhaps I ought—for the benefit of yourself and all other unfortunates who do not know it—to add the following anecdote as to the training of the young girl. At a convention of masters of schools for girls, where one of the chief subjects for discussion was the wisest plan of education, some maintained that the romantic side of the girl was to be ministered to; others, that prosaic, matter-of-fact instruction should have the first place.

It was the good fortune of the convention to

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have present a distinguished teacher, who advised the middle course, urging that the disposition of the girl should be influential if not controlling as to the appropriate form of training. The too romantic girl was not to be over-fed with figures of rhetoric, nor was the starved fancy of another girl to be deprived of the poetic prescription and stimulus. He was not required to argue his case *ad nauseam*, for an incident in his own experience was convincing. It seems that there was in his well-known school a scholar with the fanciful, almost fantastic bent of mind. In the class of mythology, when asked Who was Ganymede: she gave the rather original answer that he was the offspring of Olympus and an eagle. The startled examiner protested at any such unrecorded origin, and insisted that the mountain had had no part in the birth of this love-child. He even went so far as to explain, that it was impossible for a mountain to make any contribution to progeny. This latter assertion of course was a little too sweeping, for we all know that the pregnant mountain once gave birth to the *ridiculus mus*. No one, however, had ever before gone to the length of claiming that a moun-

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tain had at any time been the cause of travail in another — even in the promiscuous love-making of those ancient days, when the world was young and marriage-license bureaus few.

Nevertheless the young lady stood her ground, and, still insisting that Ganymede was the offspring of Olympus and an eagle, appealed from the decision of the Chair to her text-book, from which she read with wrapt expression and heavenward-cast eye, how it had all happened: "And an eagle bore Ganymede to Olympus."

The comment of this distinguished teacher to those present was that nothing was found to be so efficacious for her ailment as liberal, frequently repeated, good, old-fashioned doses of mathematics.

Returning now from our digression, let me repeat that there are really no old men here. A goodly number have toiled or run, as the case may have been, to the top of the hill and are now on their way toward the foot, and there are, of course, the lengthening shadows as the sun goes down; but these men are not old. They are really young fellows in thought and

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spirit and deed. On the wrong side of the hill, think you? No, you are mistaken again. For on the side of the hill where they are, may be seen the wide prospects, the extended horizon, the glory of the slowly, gently approaching sunset and the company of those who make life really worth the living.

Would you tolerate the recalling of the rather hackneyed lines:

Grow old along with me:
The best is yet to be
The last of life for which the first was made.

Let me add something that has not been called upon to do such yeoman's service in quotation—the concluding Henley poem from Stevenson's masterpiece, "A Christmas Sermon":

A late lark twitters in the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,

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Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of triumphing night—
Night, with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
* * * * *

“Death” writes Henley as his final word, which I have omitted, and in place of which I shall have the printer insert asterisks—if ever I summon up the courage to risk the disapproval of the writing guild, with its “closed shop” prejudices.

For such an end is surely not death, but an inspiration, and a new membership in the “Choir Invisible.” What a fine spirit there is in those lines; and how was it possible for the man who had the greatness to write them, to be so inconsiderate as he was in thought and speech to the memory of Stevenson? Nevertheless, as there is so often the apology for the ungracious act, let us assign the cause to the pain, which was so much of Henley’s portion in life, and let us have no quarrel with those

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who are now seeking to dedicate to him a fitting memorial. Let us all, now and then at least, stand up to say a word for those whom we are not hastily to condemn in the court of public opinion, wherefrom there is so seldom a satisfactory appeal.

The whole of "A Christian Sermon" is in its way on as high a level as the Henley Poem, as Stevenson writes the obituary for his fellows, all of whom are in his conception failures. At best they are to be grouped into the faithful and the unfaithful failures, though for the faithful failure there is to be the sure reward:

Give him a march with his old bones. There out of the glorious, sun-colored earth, out of the day and the dust and the ecstasy, there goes another faithful failure.

What a frank, but at the same time a generous, comforting epitaph for us all!

Yet how often do men write a poor, vain record on the tombstones they erect, as in the lives they lead!

In days gone when the humorist of the Burlington Hawkeye had his well-established vogue, he told how the epitaph concerning a beloved wife also testified to the fact that the loving

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husband of this beloved wife owned and edited an interesting newspaper, the annual subscription for which was but a few dollars; and to the further fact that the editor could be interviewed without difficulty, if the reader chose to mount a few flights of stairs and knock on the door of the sanctum.

Then sometimes, as in the acts of life, we leave in epitaphs the record open to misinterpretation. One of my partners tells me, that in a cemetery near the campus of Cornell University there are in line three gravestones, each one erected to the memory of a beloved wife of ——. Two are modest enough, barely rising a few inches out of the earth, while the remaining one towering up high above them and other neighboring tombstones, bears the explanation, "Ordered by herself." Whether the inscription is intended to bear witness to the husband's consideration for the two wives by featuring the vanity of the other, or whether he was merely a thoughtless, bereaved satirist, future generations are left in doubt not to be easily resolved.

Nor is the meaning quite clear of the inscription I have seen on the walls of Lady Chapel,

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in Ely Cathedral, to the memory of one Robert Lightfoot, Collector of the Land Tax for the County of Cambridge. The tablet, which is in memory too of his wife and his son, recites neither their virtues nor their faults, but only the dates of their birth and death, with this concluding comment, "Of what sort the above ment'd persons were, the last day will discover." Even the Curate there was not without misgivings that the mortuary cynic may have intended to intimate that someone of the members of the family may have been not less light-fingered than Light of Foot.

Of the over-featuring of ourselves in the epitaphs some write for others, let me give you as good an illustration as you are likely to come across in many a day.

As a youth I attended a church in my native town, where one could hear impassioned sermons by truly great preachers—though one of them once suggested that not piety, but the expectation of subsequent aid in deciphering for me the meaning of Greek and Latin texts, had more or less to do with my being of the congregation. In the churchyard there a monument can be seen, ostensibly erected to the

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memory of the unfortunate victims of the shipwrecked barks, the *Bristol* and the *Mexico*. But it is not, as you will hear, altogether disregarding of the virtues of those responsible for its erection and for the purchase of the meager plot on which it stands.

The monument is not an impressive one and a very small sum must have represented its cost. As for the land, the inscription is at pains to recite its limited dimensions (30 x 161 feet); though in some way or other not quite clear, 150 bodies were enabled to find a resting-place there and yet leave enough unoccupied ground remaining, to justify its being set apart for further use as a MARINERS' BURYING-GROUND.

Here are the modest inscriptions. On one side is this:

THE INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTY,
IMPELLED BY A GENEROUS SENSIBILITY,
HAVE PURCHASED THIRTY FEET FRONT
BY 161 FEET DEEP OF THIS YARD,
AND SET IT APART EXCLUSIVELY AS
A MARINERS' BURYING-GROUND.

On the other side this:

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TO COMMEMORATE THE MELANCHOLY FATE
OF THE UNFORTUNATE SUFFERERS BELONGING
TO THE BRISTOL AND MEXICO, THIS
MONUMENT WAS ERECTED PARTLY BY THE
MONEY FOUND UPON THEIR PERSONS AND
PARTLY BY THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE
BENEVOLENT AND HUMANE IN THE COUNTY OF
QUEENS.

If you are on the lookout for precision of statement, you should not fail to notice how discriminating this language is. For, though the riflers of the carcasses were "benevolent and humane," they laid no claim to a generous sensibility which was reserved for the providers of the burial-plot. Yet both classes to their credit be it said, were sufficiently generous to give the local poet his opportunity which he seized upon in this fashion:

WHAT LO, ALAS, BENEATH THIS MONUMENT DOTH (SIC)
SLEEP,
THE BODIES OF THOSE THAT HAD CROSSED THE DEEP,
BUT INSTEAD OF BEING LANDED SAFE ON SHORE,
ON A COLD AND FROSTY MORNING, THEY ALL WERE
NO MORE.

If you would like to have ocular proof of this which borders on the incredible, we can pause

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as on our way home we pass the church or rather the site of the church. For fire has twice carried it off—some irreverent ones assert, through spontaneous combustion of accumulated hell-fire-and-brimstone deliverances of the preachers and laymen of days gone by.

What a gruesome story of the misconceived words of the tombstone inscription, is De Maupassant's "La Morte."

The mistress dies alas, with a destroying cough, and inconsolable over her loss the lover wanders off into the world. The homing instinct seizes him and he comes back one day to his old dust-covered rooms, left just as they were when tenanted by the two care-free occupants.

The thought possesses him to visit her grave and see again the tombstone for which he had provided the epitaph. After a view of the grave he determines to sleep that night within the city of the dead and with her grave for a couch. So eluding the vigilance of the cemetery guardian, he wanders back out of view as the day dies. Then the gates are shut, and he is free to return unobserved. But the night has come on quickly and he unfortunately has

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lost his way. Thereupon, horrible to behold, the earth begins to tremble sufficiently to break open the receptacles in which the dead are; and out of the graves come the skeletons one by one. There is a purpose, too, in their coming—for each of the skeletons begins work and with the obliterating stone is removing the false epitaph, and making ready a new surface whereon is to be carved the truth. One, Jacques Olivant, is at work on his epitaph, which tells of the age at which he died, of his uprightness and how he loved his kind and died in the faith of the Lord. The only part of it which survives is the record of his age. The new words disclose that by his cruelty he had hastened the death of his father whose property he wished to inherit, had tortured his wife, tormented his children, been treacherous to his neighbors and when the opportunity offered had been a thief as well. And so the good work goes on.

The wanderings of the lover bring him at last to the tomb of his mistress where she, too, is busy with the substitution of truth for fiction; and in place of the lover's epitaph

“ELLE AIMA, FUT AIMÉE, ET MOURUT”

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she is carving with her bony digit the story of her unfaithfulness and the cause of her death.

**"ÉTANT SORTIE UN JOUR TROMPER SON AMANT,
ELLE EUT FROID SOUS LA PLUIE, ET MOURUT."**

No wonder the poor, disillusioned devil was found in the morning unconscious near her tomb.

If time and your patience served, I might tell you of the pretentious tomb and effigy in St. Saviour's Church, of the famous charlatan Dr. Lockyer whose long epitaph records his virtues and his pills. And though in the lines his "virtues" are put first, and his "pills" second, his virtues are written in small letters but his **PILLS** thus.

Yes, unquestionably you are prepared to say enough "of graves, of worms and epitaphs." Perhaps you are right in this; but bear with me until I have recited to you the Requiem of Stevenson:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will;

This be the verse you grave for me,
Here he lies where he longed to be.
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

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One cannot, as he reads such lines or better still hears them sung to their fine Homeric-music setting, think of death only as the cruel, implacable messenger of the fates, particularly if the end come when one is ready for the journey and has truly lived his life. Yes, surely this is so, though that life be but half over, if some part of it shall have been spent in ministering even in slight measure to the other fellow that has happened for the moment to be out of luck with fate.

Even if all this disconnected talk may have unduly taxed your good-nature, you need not consider yourself the only person since the beginning of time that has had to exercise patience under the afflictions of the world—one of the worst of which I am prepared to concede is the endless talker. You must bear in mind, too, that I have had an endless subject, in attempting to describe to you a world in itself small though it be. So have the kind of patience Sir Henry Hawkins says he was called upon to manifest, while sitting on the Bench to which he had been elevated as Lord Brampton:

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The art of advocacy was being exercised between an Irishman and a Scotchman, which made the English language quite a hotchpotch of equivocal words and a babel of sounds. The butcher's slander was one that seemed to shake the very foundations of butcherdom throughout the world, namely, an insinuation that the plaintiff had sold Australian mutton for Scotch beef—on the face of it an extraordinary allegation, although it had to find its way through the interpretation of a jury as to its meaning.

Amidst this international wrangle the judge kept his temper, occasionally when the combatants flagged a little for want of breath, cheering them on by saying in an interrogative tone, "yes?" and in the meanwhile writing the following on a slip of paper which he handed to a friend:

Great Prize Competition for Patience.

Hawkins
Job

First Prize.
Honourable mention.

Be assured there will be a consolation prize for you as well when you are permitted really to know the men and the things here.

Still you must remember how much time we have necessarily consumed in our journeyings. We have been all the way to the streets of Rome where Horace gathered much of the material for his Satires, and to his Sabine Farm where he was the genial philosopher and spokesman for sensible men of all ages; and so down along the way until we have reached the world of

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to-day. We have fallen in with some great people, who, though they never heard the name of this Club, nevertheless, unconsciously wrote much about it both in verse and prose.

Now that I think of it, we might in our wanderings have been benefited by stopping awhile to recall the beginning of one of the chapters of George Eliot, as she teaches us how we are to measure the time and effort of life aright:

Extension, we know, is a very imperfect measure of things; and the length of the sun's journeying can no more tell us how far life has advanced than the acreage of a field can tell us what growths can be active within it. A man may go south, and, stumbling over a bone, may meditate upon it till he has found a new starting-point for anatomy; or eastward, and discover a new key to language telling a new story of races; or he may head an expedition that opens new continental pathways, get himself maimed in body, and go through a whole heroic poem of resolve and endurance; and at the end of a few months he may come back to find his neighbors grumbling at the same parish grievance as before, or to see the same elderly gentleman treading the pavement in discourse with himself, shaking his head after the same percussive butcher's boy, and pausing at the same shop-window to look at the same prints. If the swiftest thinking has about the pace of a greyhound, the slowest must be supposed to move, like the limpet, by an apparent sticking, which after a good while is discerned to be a slight pro-

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gression. Such differences are manifest in the variable intensity which we call human experience, from the revolutionary rush of change which makes a new inner and outer life, to that quiet recurrence of the familiar, which has no other epochs than those of hunger and the heavens.

Suppose now we change the *dramatis personæ*. No, not necessarily that, but merely change the activity of the groups, and another paragraph of equal interest can be written. Have the stay-at-home the same. Only this time let the other go in search of the higher joys of life such as are to be found within the magic circle which comradeship draws about her true worshippers. And, believe me or not as you will, the contrast between the doings of the two, would then be as well defined, as it was rightly represented to be,—when one of them went forth and wrought great things in the world, while a plodding routine was the occupation of the other.

Let me hope that you have not fretted over-much about all this preliminary, rambling chat, except for the reason, perhaps, that you have done little of the talking. But really the going out with rod and fly and creel, you are looking forward to, is not all there is to fishing, which

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has to do quite as much with the breeze and the sunshine, the wild flowers and birds, with the canopy of the blue sky and, last but not least, with the human companionship. The mere getting of fish—why the fish-market is the place for that kind of fishing with the silver hook!

Only if we understand all this and strive to be like the “towardly scholar” of Isaac Walton, shall we begin to understand the meaning of all his adopted phrases—“that angling is a rest to the mind, a cheerer of the spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness, and a begetter of the habits of peace and contentedness.” What a wealth of speech all this is, and how it laughs at rivalry in expression to one that knows the glory of the stream wherein trout are to be taken!

So, in this spirit let us start, not for the ponds where there are fish in abundance to be had for the asking, but for the old Connetquot River, the brook of inspiration. Then I am sure you will in the end agree with me that if Walton could be moved to such utterance over the Itchen and like prosaic rivers, it would have been possible for him to write a still greater

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classic, had his musings been about the stream and the sights and the men you are to be privileged to see.

It is rather a long distance we have to go, but let us make the trip afoot. It will be worth while, even though we shall not have much opportunity to pause on our way at the sight of the wild flowers which grow in such luxuriance here, or at the sound of the songsters, as, with the cup of thanksgiving full to overflowing, they pledge you their merry toasts. It will be enough for you to get a glimpse of the prospect, as we go for miles through these pine-covered walks, varied now and then by the drumming and rush of the partridge, the swift flight of the mallard and the black duck, and the interested inspection of you by the deer as they roam at will over these thousands of acres with their sunlit, shadow-lit paths. There will be opportunity a-plenty for you to see good examples in detail of all this loveliness when you meet it at close range as we wade the brook—before we fish, and while we fish, and after we fish.

Let us then, as we set forth, agree with Emerson: "Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous"; for

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never were fishermen blessed with better health of body or spirit, or a finer day than we for this outing—pilgrimage I should venture to say if your enthusiasm were at all like mine. And doubtless Lamb in his "Grace before meat" speaks for you as well as he does for me when he says, "I wish we had at hand a form of grace for setting out on an inviting journey."

There is compensation for most of the vexatious things of life. And now your reward—in the walk before you to the headwaters of this brook of brooks and your joy in wading it—is to come for having been willing to put up with my monopolistic conduct, against which, fortunately for me, you could invoke no restraining statute. In order, however, to be free of impedimenta (rod, creel, and what not), let us take along with us one of the boatmen—no ordinary boatman this, but guide, friend and philosopher as well. With a knowledge which will persuade you that you are all but blind he will point out some of the mystery of the woods and streams, and the devious ways of the game he traps. He will be a real companion believe me. Though some of his language may be classified as profane, and

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some of it not any more intended for introduction into the drawing-room than are cowhide boots that have just made a visit to an Augean Stable, why what of it all, say I his advocate! Heaven be praised, that now and then something of an approach to plain speech in the calling of the spade the spade, goes to make up the language of men. At the worst these non-drawing-room words of his are classic; and again, lawyer-like I ask you to accept nothing on my unsupported assertion, but refer you to some of the unrestrained, and rather markedly primitive expressions of Rabelais and Sterne.

As to that portion of his speech which superficially might be considered profane, I am prepared to admit that under provocation it might, for aught I know, be as picturesque as was the language of Bret Harte's *Vulgar Little Boy* whose sensibilities the driver overlooked.

He was playing in the street, and the driver of a passing vehicle cut at him sportively, with his whip. The vulgar little boy rose to his feet and hurled after his tormentor a single sentence of invective. I refrain from repeating it, for I feel that I could not do justice to it here. If I remember rightly it conveyed, in a very few words, a reflection on the legitimacy of the driver's birth; it hinted a suspicion of his father's integrity, and impugned the fair fame of his mother,

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it suggested incompetency in his present position, personal uncleanness, and evinced a skeptical doubt of his future salvation.

Perhaps this is not a very appropriate illustration, since no driver would ever dare cut at our boatman with a whip. Still I must admit he makes very few by "jimony" oaths, Castor and Pollux mythology not being in his repertory. Nevertheless his sterling worth has convinced me—that the blush of the avenging spirit as it flies to heaven with his oaths, and the tear of the recording angel as they are written down, make it all but certain that the unreligious words of this man will as surely be blotted out forever, as was the "By God" of Uncle Toby.

So you can see I have many defenses for my client. Naturally enough, for if, like those of my profession, you were now and then free to delve as an antiquary into its old procedure, you would readily see that the defenses I interpose for my friend are directness and simplicity—compared with the twists and turnings of an old-time pleader. For he was permitted to go so far now and then in the defense of one charged with the appropriation of the illustrative ket-

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tle, as to insist that his client had never had it; that it was cracked when he got it, and moreover that he had returned it.

Now in our long but stimulating walk, we have come to the house of our guide on the borders of the upper reaches of this stream, in which we are to fish and in which he, in a sense, lives; for rarely the day goes by when, as part of his duties as guardian or for his own pleasure, he does not wade it. Before we begin with the fly, suppose we sit on this string-piece and fill a pipe and rest a bit after our long tramp, so that we shall be the better prepared to see some things and hear some voices about us which otherwise might escape our notice.

Really it was worth while to have waited and not made the dangerous experiment of smoking in these woods, so eager always to burst into the disastrous blaze. Not only have we thus given the woods a fair chance, but we have made our appetite keener for the pipe now. Strange it is how many of us—and I am quite prepared without any searching cross-examination to own up to transgression in tobacco, if you will let the witness go with this confession

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—so often permit a great pleasure to grow into a perfunctory and unappreciated habit. You recall, I am sure, what Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says about tobacco, and recognize how forcible an illustration it is of what we have been saying of use and abuse, of temperance and of over-indulgence.

Tobacco, divine, rare, superexcellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all the panaceas, potable gold, and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases. A good vomit, I confess, a virtuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used, but as it is commonly abused by most men, which take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, hellish, devilish, and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul.

Southey, too, in his colloquies on society has his Mask, Montesinos, and the ghostly Sir Thomas More discourse of tobacco and restraint:

Sir Thomas More.—*Pro pudor!* There is a snuff-box on the mantelpiece—and thou revilest tobacco!

Montesinos.—Distinguish, I pray you, gentle ghost! I condemn the abuse of tobacco as filthy, implying in those words that it has its allowable and proper use. To smoke is, in certain circumstances, a wholesome practice; it may be regarded with a moral complacency as the poor man's luxury, and with liking by anyone who follows a lighted pipe in

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the open air. But whatever may be pleaded for its soothing and intellectualising effects, the odour within doors of a defunct pipe is such an abomination, that I join in anathematising it with James, the best-natured of kings, and Joshua Sylvester, the most voluble of poets.

Why by the way do not our clubs, if they will insist on the pipe banishment (though, Heaven be praised, there is no like injunction with us here) give us some such persuasive authority of the classics, in lieu of their despotic rules and regulations?

Afterward, Montesinos is able to add for his satisfaction—something which many of us unfortunately cannot say—"Thank Heaven I bear about with me no habits which I cannot lay aside as easily as my clothes." What a boastful, supercilious, even though a truthful Mask!

A little later on Sir Thomas is permitted to have his say concerning merriment and reasonableness:

Sir Thomas More.—Good Flesh and Blood, that was a nipping reply! And happy man is his dole who retains in grave years, and even to gray hairs, enough of green youth's redundant spirits for such excursive-ness! He who never relaxes into sportiveness is a wearisome companion, but beware of him who jests at everything! Such men disparage by some ludicrous association all objects which are presented to

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their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them, they bring upon their moral being an influence more withering than the blast of the desert. A countenance, if it be wrinkled either with smiles or with frowns, is to be shunned; the furrows which the latter leave show that the soil is sour, those of the former are symptomatic of a hollow heart.

Now that we have heard from the ghostly Sir Thomas, let us give him the opportunity of speaking in the flesh on the subject of moderation, when he could do his own thinking and was not obliged to let Southey do it for him.

In that imaginary commonwealth Utopia—where he so often subtly gives one extreme in contrast to the other here on earth, so as to persuade us of the common sense of the middle course—he is describing with telling satire the contempt with which the gold of our idolatry is held there:

Of the same metals, gold and silver, they likewise make chains and fetters for their slaves, to some of which, as a badge of infamy, they hang an ear-ring of gold, and make others wear a chain or a coronet of the same metal; and thus they take care by all possible means to render gold and silver of no esteem; and from hence it is that while other nations part with their gold and silver as unwillingly as if one tore out their bowels, those of Utopia would look on their giving in all they possess of those metals (when

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there were any use for them) but as the parting with a trifle, or as we would esteem the loss of a penny! They find pearls on their coasts, and diamonds and carbuncles on their rocks; they do not look after them, but, if they find them by chance, they polish them, and with them they adorn their children, who are delighted with them, and glory in them during their childhood; but when they grow to years, and see that none but children use such baubles, they of their own accord, without being bid by their parents, lay them aside, and would be as much ashamed to use them afterward as children among us, when they come to years, are of their puppets and other toys.

There followed the effect of the good example. For when the Anemolian ambassadors came to Utopia full panoplied in all their gorgeous apparel, they were everywhere received with contempt.

You might have seen the children who were grown big enough to despise their playthings, and who had thrown away their jewels, call to their mothers, push them gently, and cry out, "See that great fool, that wears pearls and gems as if he were yet a child!" while their mothers very innocently replied, "Hold your peace! this, I believe, is one of the ambassadors' fools."

Thus the ambassadors learned the lesson which is manifest in this Club—but not taught, for we have no pedagogues among us, thanks to our lucky stars.

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"Their plumes fell and they were ashamed of all that glory for which they had formerly valued themselves, and according laid it aside."

Nor is it related that they were ever minded to put such things on again.

By the way, would you believe it, this very stream into which our feet are dangling, runs and flows with its generous waters as you see it, in large part by reason of the comradeship of the men of this Club. Rather a strained view, think you? Well then let me tell you why you are wrong.

The City of New York some years ago authorized a kind of financial municipal debauch, in its proposal to take the waters of Suffolk County, with the preliminary expenditure of scores of millions of dollars. Though the scheme was wholly unjustified, opposition to it seemed almost futile. I will not undertake to tell you in detail how the love of these waters by the few here, resulted in arousing a whole county to the menace to the beauty and utility of this part of Long Island. The scheme was utterly defenseless, for within sight almost was the water of the Esopus watershed, and thanks to

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a determined stand taken, the residents of this county and not the politicians had a water holiday. Moreover under the proddings of the determined defense against vandalism and indefensible extravagance, New York began to think about saving the water it had available, instead of entering upon this job; and to-day, in its Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, the City consumes less water than it did nine years ago. Altogether it is a suggestive chapter in municipal history that needs no comment.

Before we start, suppose I confess to you that there is one thing about this brook so perfect in its beauty and associations, operating to detract just a bit from its old glory. Things called the brown trout—but really sharks and tooth-tongued cormorants and feeders upon trout—were some years ago introduced as an experiment into these waters, where by preying upon the native speckled beauty they grew mightily to filthy proportions. The designation of trout applied to this intruder equals in relevancy the definition of the crab—as a fish, red in color, that crawls backward. This the naturalist pronounced quite correct, except in the par-

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ticulars that a crab was not a fish, was not red and did not crawl backward.

A goodly part of the duty of our boatman at the spawning season when these fish are in evidence—lurking concealed at other times in wait for their prey—is to keep their propagation within reasonable limits, for their extermination seems all but hopeless. One might well conclude that the time has come for putting an end to the practice of importation into this country of the strange bird and the strange fish of unknown characteristics. The introduction of the brown trout here and elsewhere was about as appropriate as if the national government—while making gigantic efforts to prevent the slaughter of the wild bird—were to start in with the wholesale propagation of crow black-birds for the purpose of inducing them to lay their eggs in the nests of song-birds, the young of which they were ultimately to destroy. Not content with one pest, the English sparrow, we have now the starling, with the likelihood that we are to find in him a new thief which will still further rob the song-birds of their natural food and so threaten their extinction.

Everywhere throughout the country, the tale

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is the same as to these fish and where the warfare against them is not unremitting, beautiful streams are beautiful no longer. Though it is well established that the burnt child dreads the fire, no such infantile philosophy is permitted to enter into the calculations of many grown-ups.

As you sit here looking down this stretch of laughing water, with its gentle, eddying current and its bright, pebbly bottom, into which those long graceful, waving, peacock-tail-like weeds plunge their roots—what a wealth of beauty there is for the eye to feast upon! Where think you is its counterpart? Here matted together are blue and white violets, such as grow only on the very edge of running brooks; and near them are wood anemones which scorn to appear as individual specimens, but insist on carpeting the ground with their nodding grace. There at the turning below, that suggestion of blue is really a big bed of irises; and as we wade on we shall come across the like of them again and again, side by side with such marsh-marigolds as are worth many a long and tiresome journey to meet with. What beauty—on

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the elevations beyond the edge of the brook—there is in the sun-drop, the yellow sorrel and the loose-strife so lavish of their charms. See, too, the wonderful admixture of color in the flowers of the white huckleberry blossom and the shadbush, in contrast with the lustrous red of the scarlet maple-tree.

With these sights as a suggestion of what is to swing into our view, we make a first cast. Or rather you do, for my satisfaction shall be in seeing you do creditable execution with the fly, and in being privileged to hear your language as you now and then forget your “back-cast” and land that same effective fly high up in the snags of the maple. You do not need to be told by me that this procedure will be fatal, for the moment, to good temper, and likely to produce from you a flow of words which may be described as a weak reflection of the irreligious vocabulary of our boatman—when at his best or worst according to the point of view.

Now after luck piled on luck, wait a moment until the boatman picks up from among the white pebbles of this hustling stream, the arrowhead and spearhead, the sight of which will carry your mind back to the red-skinned

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fisherman whose haunts were here in days of old. I have scores of these trophies, the result of this man's sharp vision. Wait too a moment more, as he points out to you how the mallard builds her nest on the hummock of a miniature island, so that what little there is of scent to the drake or hen at nesting-time shall be lessened for the trailing enemy, whatever shape it take. Again, let him show you the consummate cunning required to cope with the cunning of the mink he so successfully traps. For unless the trapper, after having ferreted out the runway, so manœuvres that ingenuity shall wholly cover up ingenuity in the setting of the trap—just as the highest art is the concealment of art—there will never be mink for his reward.

Yet if we permit him to continue entertaining and instructing us with his nature-knowledge, not only shall I have a dangerous rival in talk but you will never be at the end of your fishing. And surely the hobbies of fishermen and monologists ought not to be thus trifled with.

As we see such secrets laid bare, as we hear such notes as the birds sing this day, and as the winds play on Æolian harps as of old, do we

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not realize that everywhere for the observing, nature has set sign-posts as clear and unmistakable as the "Stop Look and Listen" warnings at railroad-crossings? But do we not, both by night and day, as often disregard the one as "joy-riders" do the other? What the stars have to tell of the mythological past and of their part in the divine scheme of the universe, apparently has for us little if any interest. With all our modern-day intelligence, we know less even of their names or their ways, than did the shepherd of old as he tended his flock under their inspiring radiance. What a commentary it all is on our indifference, and what a dread and consuming and corrupting disease nature-phobia is!

In my experience as a boy, the *res angustae domi* of the country physician permitted only a short attendance at the boarding-school before the course at the University, and required that the beginnings of my education be at the public school. Yet I remember there the engrossing Burritt's *Geography of the Heavens*, with the celestial chart and its mythological forms, which still appear to me in the sky, in place of the mere geometric figures you see there.

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Sometimes I wonder what substitute the preparatory school of to-day, commendable as it so often is, supplies for this elementary training in the rudiments of astronomy—capable of furnishing so much genuine satisfaction throughout life, in enabling one merely to know the stars in their constellation groupings.

To many of us this glory of the heavens is not more real than to the young Irish school-boy, of whom this story was told, when the disappointing Halley's Comet was the object of so much sky-gazing. A public-school teacher took some of his pupils into one of our parks for a view of the mighty traveler through space. Though it was not to be seen, this youngster, in his enthusiasm, thought he had identified it when he saw the brilliant Rigel or Betelgeuse. He was rebuked by being told that he was pointing to Orion. His surprise was evidenced by his comment: "Orion, is it? Well! well! but I t'ought all the stars was Greeks."

Be sure, however, that your knowledge of the heavens justifies the laugh you may be disposed to indulge in over this, lest Horace, who could write the suggestive Satire as well as the Ode, ask you:

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*Quid rides? mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur;*

Nevertheless darkness is not far off and all digression must cease. Once more back to the rod and the treasures it has in store for the patient angler. Here at the turn in the brook, where it eddies around the gnarled root of a towering scarlet maple, I promise you there awaits the adept a trout of goodly proportions and rare beauty. No need now to consider your back-cast, for it is not the seductive fall of the fly that is to serve you; for down almost on your knees, you are to let it so drift in the whirling, chattering little current, that it will be swept around as a tempting morsel into the unseen pool. Yes it was good management and a resulting trout worth while.

Now as we walk through this pool—for you will not get another rise here—surely the sight of the deer just beyond, leisurely and unafraid at his daily watercress meal, and another and still another, must persuade you that you are far from the customary haunts of many an unfortunate fellow in the world.

I sometimes marvel that the true fisherman, even after his experience with salmon and other

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big fish, can ever lose his zest for the trout-brook. To the true lover of nature and the rod, it is possible to find here a restfulness which one must seek long and often in vain for elsewhere. Granted that the one is a more ambitious, engrossing pastime than the other; by no means is this the whole story. For do we not too often ignore what is simple and full of charm for that which is grand and imposing? Do you remember what Carlyle says in one of his essays—where he is often more satisfying than when peering at the world as the cynic or at least severe critic, or painting heroic canvases of the vivid history which has made epochs? He is speaking of Burns:

While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves, this little valclusa fountain will also arrest the eye; for this also is of nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth with a full, gushing current into the light of day; and often will the traveler turn aside to drink of its clear waters and muse among its rocks and pines!

Now the limit of the "take" has been reached and your creel is full, for fortunately you have been industrious while I have been merely idle

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and talkative. So you will have more leisure to see the wood-duck—and hear him, too, for he is worth listening to—as he darts with his variegated brilliant plumage across the sky; to notice many a red-start and jolly chickadee and towhee, and listen to those satisfying notes of the catbird, which, if so disposed, you can appropriate to yourself as his chatty congratulations over your expert handling of the rod. There too, are the red-winged blackbird and the flicker with their beauty of plumage and grace of flight, and the half-dozen warblers that chirp gaily enough though what they have to say is not much of a warble. But the song-sparrow and the vesper-sparrow and the brown thrasher off in the clearing, will provide you with a genuine melody, while the catbird—after those congratulations—will reproduce for you the songs of all bird neighbors, so as to convince you that mimicry is a goodly part of his stock in trade. Here, low down among the boughs, is another black and white specimen of what some facetious person might term the *lucus a non lucendo* species—the warbler that does not warble. Unfortunately, it will be too late for us to hear the joyful orioles whis-

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ting away, as only they have the knack for, while they hang their purse-nests on the topmost limbs of the grand elms which provide for us such bountiful shade about the old Club-house. But you shall have this enjoyment in the morning.

We have passed the Shanty and Bunces—what memory for us here in those old names—until now Deep Water sends us out of the brook to the shore for our mile walk home.

On leaving these waters, as if to persuade you that this really is enchanted ground, that plaintive song in the distance is from the raucous-throated blue jay—unprepossessing in everything but plumage, some suppose. No bird-book I know of properly describes the nesting note of the blue jay; perhaps it is not sung elsewhere.

Then from the swampy depths, what a symphony of sound there is, which only the thrush has the genius for! Do you recall Edward Rowland Sill's lines:

The thrush sings high on the topmost bow,—
Louder, louder, low again; and now
He has changed his tree,—you know not how,
For you saw no flitting wing.

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All the notes of the forest throng,
Flute, reed, and string, are in his song;
Never a fear knows he, nor wrong,
Nor a doubt of anything.

Small room for care in that soft breast;
All weather that comes is to him the best,
While he sees his mate close on her nest,
And the woods are full of spring.

He has lost his last year's love, I know,—
He, too,—but 'tis little he keeps of woe;
For a bird forgets in a year, and so
No wonder the thrush can sing.

Yet if you listen intently, perhaps in that
note you may hear something of the lament
over the loss of the old love.

Now the day which has made history for
each of us is past—for never with all my
familiarity with it, do I wade this brook with-
out a lively sense of thanksgiving, that for me
its beauty can never grow old—and we go back
to the beginning, to that group of men to whom
I have attempted to prepare you for an intro-
duction, and who will greet and entertain you
as a Prince of the blood.

As we saunter along, it seems to me that the
obligation is mine for having been permitted to

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bring you here, rather than yours for having been asked to come. Many a time I have longed for such an opportunity as this, when with an appreciative guest I might wander on through these streams and woods and fields, in the company too of the Masters who were privileged to write great thoughts for the true interpretation of all we have seen and heard and talked of.

What a theme, too, I have had in that sentiment among the members here, though as from time to time I have referred to it, it has seemed to me that the shrug of the shoulders betrayed only the patient and not the acquiescing listener! Perhaps you, along with so many others are disposed to frown upon any exhibition of sentiment, as somewhat beneath the dignity of men grown to maturity. If so the view is wrong and at best plausible—only because sentiment is often confounded with some modern-day notions of sentimentality, and the man of sentiment (would that the resourceful in word coinage would give him a name, Sentimentist even I could tolerate) with the sentimentalist. The two things and the two beings, nevertheless, are as wide apart and with as little in

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common as pride and vanity, virility and effeminacy, courage and bravado, emotion and affectation, as a walk and a strut.

Sentiment has come to have its slightly discredited signification, very much as mirth has come to convey the suggestion of frivolity—not merely because of over-indulgence in it, but of any indulgence in inappropriate time, place, and circumstance. We are not for this reason to hold sentiment in light regard, unless we wish to have many of our conclusions reflect error. There are occasions—and they are not so infrequent as many of us realize—when we must roughly brush sentiment aside, as we do the dust when it threatens to be a nuisance to the comfort and well-being of others as well as of ourselves. Still the loss would be immeasurable and irreparable, if either dust or sentiment should disappear from our lives.

Fortunately for our own good we are not permitted to destroy or change the character of dust, but only to brush it aside so that it may continue to fulfill its part in the economy and the beauty of the world. But sentiment we can, if we will, destroy or transform into quite another thing which—to draft into service ex-

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pressive slang—may be said to be “gush”; and when sentiment has degenerated into this it is all but dead. Merely because we see the abuse of sentiment among some of its unthinking votaries, do not let us cease to be grateful that in the big world too there is this sentiment which has grown here into such flower and strength.

The scientist now tells us that but for dust—objectionable and uninviting as it so often is—water would no longer be precipitated in rain for the thirsting earth; and that if dust did not intervene between us and the sights we see, nature would be without much of her glory and the sky no longer beautiful and blue. And when we cease to behold men and things with vision steeped in sentiment, we shall have only sorry prospects in life.

Yes as I think of all this, I have well-nigh determined to run the risk of the censure of critic and cynic and put the substance of our walk and talk into print, so that there may be some record of a story which should have been told long ago.

Here among these men I should be as con-

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fidest of its appreciation, as Horace was of the favorable judgment of mankind when he penned his *non omnis moriar*: for they, if none others, would understand its meaning and its spirit. Of that much at least I am certain.

Then, too, there is the probability that our own children—and it may be their children too as time goes on and they in turn take the vacant chairs here—would turn its pages so as to learn how they as well may repeat for themselves such a rambling journey as we have made together to-day; and that is an inviting probability.

And it is barely possible too that a few kindred spirits in that outside world, should they come across the story, would welcome it if only for its sentiment.

* * * * *

Well at last here you are, late at night though it be, in my room where so much of my life centers; where you may sleep to the music of the waters as they go over the dam to the old mill-race below, and so on to Great River and to the bay and to the sea. Abundant too are those waters as well as musical; and surely in these days

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"more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of."

for there is no miller now in that mill.

You can dream here of what you saw and what you heard while the sun was in the heavens and after it had set; and of to-morrow and of more fishing on your part and less talking on my part, and when you are to know the strike and run and struggle of the striped bass. As you awake and see the dawn-clouds and then the sun in the mirror-lake at your feet, and make ready for another day you will understand how hopeless it would be, if you undertook to give adequate expression of your gratitude for your excursion into this wonderland of ours.

What, are you too immune from the sleeping sickness? Well no threat to postpone the saying of Good Night has terrors for me, my friend, for I am an old offender here they say, in postponing that time. I have my justification too, for I dislike to have these critics of mine denied the high privilege of sitting up late themselves so as to be able, among other things, to tell me why I ought to be in the land

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of dreams. Moreover I read poetry and am able to call upon Shelley to be my advocate.

Good night? ah! no; the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *good* night.

Now that my critics know the real reason for my late hours, will they ever have the ungraciousness to call me to account again?

Then too—for we must not ignore the earthly things—there is that toothsome, seductive, midnight supper at which Carl is host.

Yes, you are right, it was a feast in more senses than one—that dinner, where all these Knights sat around the one Table, which was just as well provided with good things to eat and drink and see and hear and as much entitled to be famous, as if it had been quite Round.

You still wish to ask me questions about some of these men? Well, for this once, you shall have your way, seeing that I have been so long master of ceremonies. Of *facile princeps* George you already know. The member on his left, whom as you say you heard referred

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to as "De—— something or other," and who had the odd, affectionate nickname of Goickie, and who told stories in such style, that you began to smile long before the story was well under way, and were laughing yourself tired before it was finished—why he is as kindly and considerate as his wit is keen.

When the spirit moves him, as it so often does, what he says is "argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever."

A former member here had an uncontrollable passion for the purchase of inexpensive artificial flies, but a positive genius in effecting, step by step, profitable exchanges of them with other members, for the best to be had for love or money. Who but this man could have said that the member had succeeded in getting together probably the finest collection anywhere on earth, as the result of his "Arbitrage in flies"?

One of our members (not indisposed on occasion to have a commercial stake in the broils of our sister nations on this side of the Atlantic) had a touch of rheumatism in his arm. Others like our mirth-provider can play golf. Yet who but he could have said, by way of comment

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upon our member's ailment, that he would not care to give that man, even in such condition, "a stroke a hole" in selling a battle-ship to a South American Republic?

These two buildings like wings of the Club-house, are "Annexes" in which some of the members have their own rooms, varying in desirability. Perhaps the least desirable one of them all, had been owned by A. I happened to mention at the dinner-table that B had bought the room of A. Who but this man of infinite jest, could have said that he was pained at my regrettable lack of precision in speech—inasmuch as the fact was that instead of B having bought the room of A, A had sold the room to B?

Who but he could have said—no I must desist or we shall never get to the others. Yet before we take leave of this genial soul, let me say Heaven be praised that, in this work-a-day world (and he has been of it) there is one man who disports himself with speech, like those in the Mermaid of old, as if he

Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

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Time does not suffice for me to be able to tell you all about Sam, who was, pleasant to remember, on my right. I may say confidentially, that now and then he very solemnly pretends to wear a frown, but we know it is only a mask—so thin and transparent that we can all see the engaging laugh behind it. Accept the statement from me that he is of such abounding charity, that if he were a judge and held Court Sessions here, the most hardened offender would be likely to escape punishment, or at most receive some kind of benevolent reprimand—even though the tears the fellow wept were of the Shakespearian variety, born in an onion. There are the other Sams too—fit company for these members here.

Yes, that was Frank on the right of George the First and on my left—thus sandwiching me so favorably, and yet leaving me near the throne; and though there is only one Frank, he is a host in himself. But let him be warned that, if by any accident he should ever part company with his smile and jovial greeting, no one would be able to recognize him and he would pass for a stranger within these gates.

There were the several Georges on the one

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side of the table, honored in their several walks of life, whom you would admire and like better, the oftener you had the privilege of meeting them here. One of them is as kindly in thought and word and deed as he is lavish in his "no trump" bids, and this is saying a volume; all of them are as good fellows as you would care to meet or overtake in a day's travel, and the George on the other side has a heart as big as his frame, and as generous as his greeting. Never were there "Four Georges" or five Georges like these. Alas, not long ago another George beloved by us all went away to join the absent ones, and our Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche* as the Chevalier of old, and the other dear fellows—Cochrane and Gussie and Phil and Suydam—went away too.

Harry across the table—as young in spirit as his own boys whose big brother he really is—as you thought, is a true friend of mine (as he has been of many another) and has been so since the days when his friendship meant much. Hal by his side is a man you may be sure of in foul weather as in fair weather, stanch and steadfast in the faith of friendship. Suppose

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we say of the Harrys, Hal, and Henry alike, that they are here at home and abroad in the world, Prince Hals? And this is saying much; for as we recall, Prince Hal, though a frolicsome soul, yet had the dignity—but none of the “false and idle ceremony”—of a king among men.

No, John and his companionable neighbor are not brothers but father and son—the son growing more like the “Père” as the days go by. Nor, however long the ex-mayor may live, would he wish to listen to higher praise or more comforting prophecy than this; and if, as is our privilege, you often saw them together like two playfellows, you would know that their love for each other is little short of a religion.

Who was the one sitting near them? Why, that was my partner. I ought not, perhaps, to speak much of my own family, but let me say that, in the score of years we have kept company together, I have never heard him utter an ungenerous or unjust word; and you will search long for his like.

Yes, you are right, there is only one Howard here; but he is the peer of all the Howards anywhere and of any time.

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But one Lucius, too; and none can shoot shot straighter than he with gun or the witty yet always kindly word. He is the Poet Laureate of the Club. He can compose the Limerick and the whimsical doggerel verse with the facility of the best at the art—and art it is, make no mistake; for it calls for not only sense but sensibility. Even with the punning rhyme he is a past master, agreeing doubtless with Thomas Hood that

However critics may take offense,
A double meaning has double sense.

Would that I were at liberty to quote a few stanzas from the delightful cantos of the Iliad of Islip, about the genial "Mayor" and the other heroes. Many a man responsible for solemn lines of poetry would make no headway with the kind that Lucius and his guild can write.

Nor do men of distinction hesitate to enjoy such verse. President Wilson is fond of it, and no wonder, since he lived in an atmosphere where such things were cultivated abundantly. Laurence Hutton, of delightful memory, once told me that there was no word in the English

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language for which one of the genial spirits of Princeton could not furnish a rhyme. There was never any doubt of this after the evening, when at a little gathering he was challenged to find one for chrysanthemum. There was no interval between the challenge and the lines:

The boy that can his anthem hum
Shall have his white chrysanthemum.

Hutton himself was an adept at the art, though very unappreciative of his accomplishment. One delightful day during a summer we were both spending at North East Harbor, I was reading with him the proof-sheets of one of his "Literary Landmark" books. While we were chatting together, he asked me in his peculiar way if I could explain why in the world it was that having written books he had received for the past year only \$ in royalties. My answer was that I could think of no reason, except perhaps that he had gotten into the way of publishing the kind of book which was far away from the charm of such a story as *A Boy I Knew*. I added that many of the lines I had heard him recite when engagingly reminiscent, as he so uniformly was, did belong to literature. He pooh-poohed this,

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but doubtless you will agree with me that I was right and he was wrong as you hear the following:

It seems that Hutton and a friend of his, while spending the winter in Rome, had a rather depressing attack of indigestion from too much chianti. After some search they found a hostelry in which fairly palatable beer could be gotten, and thenceforth beer was substituted for claret. Shortly afterward his friend went to Verona, in order to make a study of some of the finer façades there, and facetiously sent to Hutton a glowing account of how much better Verona beer was than Roman beer. In his special-delivery retort, Hutton, as you will see, was quite equal to the occasion:

I do not wish to shock you, sir,
Or fill you full of fear,
But this I hope you won't forget
That Romeo and Juliet,
According to Shakespeare,
When living in Verona once
Were laid out on one bier.

L'Envoi
So beware of Verona beer.

August, with a boy of the same name sitting
by him, you knew. His father, too, was a

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member of the Club, so that there have been three generations of the family here. A long time ago that father, in speaking one day of the things which are of moment in life, said to me that one of his chief joys as the years went by was that this son was to be the worthy custodian of his name and fortune. More than this has come true so diligent has the son been with his inheritance; for he has linked that name inseparably with enterprises of mighty import to this generation. By the construction of our subway system he has given New York City the opportunity to become a real metropolis, and he is now building the Cape Cod Canal to shorten the route and lessen the perils of the sea for the ships of commerce. Each enterprise, too, had previously been pronounced impracticable by men of broad vision and large experience; but, as has been said in the varying phrases of ancient and modern days, the gods favor the brave. Yet his good-fellowship to those who know him well, is quite the equal of his wisdom and foresight; and thus you see the ease with which, under right conditions, one can put a biography into a paragraph.

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There were more than one William—sweet Williams, I should term them, if I dared be so facetious. One of them you heard now and then ask the dealer at cards to “wait a moment,” before supplying the demand of the player next him. But all of them would make the same request of you out in the larger world, if thereby they might have the privilege in advance of yourself of doing a good turn to the other fellow in life.

The Admiral there—the equal of any that ever trod the deck of a ship—as you recall, resigned his commission because a politically late-departed high government official insisted that an M.D. should command the hospital ship. By the way, when this happened one of America’s best humorists, in the choicest of letters of congratulation to the Admiral on the uncompromising stand he had taken, expressed deep concern as to the report that this same high official was to put a chiropodist in command of our foot-soldiers.

Yes there were Louis and Crawford who are brothers of us all, too; and the Club would pass an unanimous vote—for it would summarily expel any member who voted “no”—if it would

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be effective to compel more frequent visits from them both and their absent brother as well. The Governor and Charles over there—such is the salutary atmosphere of this place—were, I am sure, swapping views having little to do with the manufacturing-plant or the syndicate agreement. If I did not think that Fairfax—a man of big affairs and big sympathies—would discharge me as his hired legal man, I could tell you that out of the South there has come no finer product in the form and substance of the true man than he. I could wish you no better luck than to sit often, as you did for a moment to-night, by the side of our only Honorary Member entertaining “Hub Clarke” and listen to his once-upon-a-time fact and legend of the Club. It is a pity that the yarns he spins are not likely to be preserved in the printed page, for he shows no disposition to make authorship his hobby. Still he is not too old to learn anything he turns his mind to; and I assure him that if he writes as well as he talks, his book will be one of the season’s “best sellers” here and elsewhere.

You are right, Edwin is in fact what he seemed to you, a genial, whole-souled fellow;

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and I have no trifling admiration for his intelligence, seeing that he invariably addresses me as "The Learned One." The others here, to my humiliation, when they refer to me as the Owl, have no thought of that bird's wisdom but only of his proclivity for sitting up late o' nights.

There was Aaron Pennington, strong of wind and limb, who can row as well as play with the youngest here, a veritable host in himself. Surely wisdom has reserved for him: "Length of days in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor." Heaven grant that the length of days may be prolonged to the one hundred and twenty-three years of Aaron of old; and I do not need to tell you that the riches of his honor will keep pace with the years. None more than companionable, jovial Geraldyn and Arthur and "Captain Phil" and "Doctor Jack" and "Brad" and Walter and Casimir are surer of the generous welcome within these walls. Then too there were Charlie and Otto and John B. and Edward, whose names are writ large in the financial world. Yet no one here envies them that distinction, but on the contrary we rather commiserate

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with them because they are not oftener here, rather than there.

Percy of the younger generation, to the despair of mothers still remains wedded to the main business of his life, of providing a delightful time for the other fellow—notwithstanding the persuasive example of his partner Benedick Buell, who comes back to us now and then with never so charming a Beatrice.

Last but by no means least, there was Fred of Commodore fame. Yes, he has reduced to ownership and possession a goodly portion of the world's goods, but he has in still greater abundance the esteem of his acquaintances and the love of his friends.

I wish some of the other members had been with us, so that I might tell you of them too; but take it from me that they are all congenial company with the rest, and they could not possibly have a more acceptable or a more eloquent tribute.

Let me add to these biographies in epitome two incidents illustrative of the abounding sentiment here.

While shooting once in a "Blind" with the Admiral, and speaking of this distinguishing

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trait among us, he suggested that in a sense his outfit was a very good illustration of it. For, said he, "without the knowledge of any of the owners, I have on the hat of George, the undercoat of Sam, the overcoat of Harry, the boots of George, and the gloves of Arthur, and have taken the gun of Edwin and the ammunition of Howard." He added by way of comment, that nowhere else in the lands he knew of—and he is a well-traveled man—was there the fellowship which would permit one to do likewise, without fear of pains and penalties or at least of the forbidding, disinheriting look.

Recently one of the members of the Club was stricken down by a great grief which took from him, for the time being, all the joy and hope of life. After a while he returned one day when only a few members were likely to be present. As I put my arm through his and wandered over to this room where we now are—so that I might hand him a little book containing much of real consolation, even to one stricken as he had been—he said to me with breaking voice and tear-filled eye: "How like a great peace it is to come back home and be with the boys again."

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If you would know the avocations of these men—for their vocation is to be members of this Club—why you can consult the Directory of Directors, or the Social Register, or the Blue Book, or a Who's Who compilation or what you will, and satisfy yourself; but the search would not interest me or them.

Understanding now all that I have told you and all that you yourself have seen of these men, are you not prepared to believe with me that as they filed out from the dining-room into our one big room, they were joined by those non-resident ones who used to frequent these feasts, but who alas will never be here again in the earthly sense?

We referred during the day to Longfellow's *Robert Burns*. Do you think that Longfellow was entitled to extend a warmer welcome to that poet of another land, than we to these dear old companions of ours? No, never let one of them have less from us!

His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this room of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost!

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Perhaps someone may afterward seek to persuade you that you merely went with a garrulous host to a prosaic club, but you will know how foolish such a notion is, for you have been more than a king in his kingdom this day. And as we say Good Night, surely you will agree with me that these men would prefer that you remember them—not as distinguished and successful in that outside world—but as members here in this abode of reasonableness and fellowship and sentiment and of nature's loveliness; where the Right of Sanctuary permits the service of no warrant for their apprehension by Black Care or sordid thought, and where many a reassuring dream of life comes true.

Good Night then let it be; and if you care to consult my wishes think of me here among them all just as

ONE OF THE MEMBERS.

THE LESSON OF BISHOP POTTER'S LIFE¹

IT seemed fitting to the Directors of the City and Suburban Homes Company and to the friends of Bishop Henry C. Potter, that there should be some formal dedication of this group of its buildings erected to his memory. For in the underlying motive which led to the organization of the Company, he had a deep interest; and it was always a delight for him to remember that, with the foresight and generous investment of Mrs. Potter, began the successful development of its project for model tenements.

High as he rose in the estimation of men, and many as were the honors that rightfully came to him, he never permitted himself to lose sight of the well-being of the ever-increasing host of the wage-earning men and women. And

¹ Eulogy delivered at the Dedication services on April 17, 1912.

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to them as well as to the men engaged in great enterprises and of the professions, he looked, as we must all look, for the full realization of the possibility of American citizenship. He was the faithful friend of organized and unorganized labor, and at the memorial services held in Cooper Union shortly after his death, one of the speakers who paid an appreciative tribute to his memory was John Mitchell.

These buildings express ideas and ideals that made a strong appeal to Bishop Potter, who did not, as do so many of us, confuse philanthropy with charity; for in no sense do they represent a charity, but on the contrary a successful business venture, though originating from philanthropic promptings. Nor are they merely places where men may live in more comfort than in the ordinary tenement, but they are the outcome of a purpose, having an intimate relation to the welfare of the community. Bishop Potter appreciated fully that a plan which was elevating and stimulating in what it typified and suggested, as well as worthy in itself, had an added value. For he knew as we men of the profession of the law know, the influence of the wise precedent.

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His directions were that no statue or monument be erected to his memory; and the family and friends of such a man could have chosen no more appropriate memorial than these buildings with which to link his name inseparably. For they are an eloquent object-lesson to us all of one very certain way, whereby the housing problem for the wage-earner may be solved without encouraging the spread of practices that engender sloth and dependence and then pauperism. And no man or woman who lives or shall live, as time goes on, within the walls of these homes, will not be the better for a true understanding of what Bishop Potter stood for in the world.

All of us too, as we formally dedicate these buildings, can with profit pause to consider the significance of his life. It is a bustling, hurrying world we live in, and it is not to our advantage that men of distinction drop out of the ranks of the procession, without adequate reflection on our part as to the loss or the lesson to us. Bishop Potter's life, as the tablet on these buildings records, was in truth a life of Wisdom and Courage and Righteousness and

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Service; and he exemplified the manliness and philosophy—for which Horace is so often the genial, wise spokesman—which keep one undisturbed amid adverse experiences and free from arrogance and boasting when prosperous days come:

*Aequam memento rebus in arduis
servare mentem, non secus in bonis
ab insolenti temperatam
letitia, moriture Delli.*

He had no sympathy for the pretentious, professional altruism ever on conspicuous parade, and entertained for sham and hypocrisy something akin to abhorrence; but the brotherhood of man was to him a gospel. He was an aristocrat who practised democracy, and as Kipling says in that stirring line could

walk with kings nor lose the common touch.

Perhaps no incident could better illustrate of what sort Bishop Potter was than the following:

Without explanation to anyone he ceased drinking wine with his dinner. As it subsequently transpired, what had happened was that one night, when Rector of Grace Church, he had received a visit from a clergyman of the

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Church of England, an Irish gentleman who had become a wreck from over-drink, to whom he made an appeal to reform. When the clergyman said it was impossible for him to be temperate, Bishop Potter urged abstinence, and adding that he would not ask another to do what he himself was not willing to do, then and there entered into a compact not to indulge in wine so long as the clergyman did not. The clergyman recovered his lost ground in self-respect and was sent by Bishop Potter, a reformed man, as a missionary to Bishop Hare in Niobrara, where he lived a useful life until shot through a cruel mistake by a friendly Indian. Still further to emphasize the character of the act, no one even in Bishop Potter's own family ever knew the reason for this change of his custom until the clergyman died.

Surely not all of us would have made such a sacrifice; but he did not falter, for there was a man to save.

He had a kindly humor as well as a keen wit, but he used neither to excess, and rarely if ever was he cynical. His judgment was tempered always with mercy, and he was right in the belief that no man need become an

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outlaw by trivial transgression, and that in the beginning there should be for an offender the *locus pœnitentiæ*—the suspended sentence—though the law must lay its rough hand upon the hardened criminal. His conclusions as to men's conduct were affected by considerations of the responsibility which arose from opportunity and environment and heredity; yet, as Henry James says of George Eliot, he held high the torch in the dusky places of man's conscience. He never measured his duty by the applause of the hour, nor did any threatened unpopularity of his views cause him to withhold their expression, when the time had come for him to speak. And if convinced that chastisement was called for, he knew, as more than one man can bear witness, how to use the lash and to cut deep with it. What Hamlet soliloquizes about he put into deed:

Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake.

He gave generously of his unoccupied time to the just demands of the community, being ready—not only in emergencies when the

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volunteers are many, but in ordinary times when it seems often as if it were necessary to draft men into the public service—to do the share that falls to the lot of one possessed of conscience and power. But he never permitted himself to undertake so much, as to be compelled to overlook or even slight his primary obligations as the directing head of a great Church. He had a sure religious faith, refreshed always by the inexhaustible springs of the emotions, but it was a faith with which reason could have no controversy; and he left the beginnings of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine as an imposing monument to his memory.

A leader of men intellectually, and with the highest attainments in knowledge and wisdom, he was the embodiment of those qualities which made him a well-balanced man.

And it has always seemed to me that his sense of brotherhood, his wisdom, his engaging personality, and his dignity and refinement were largely traceable to the culture which comes from a full knowledge and understanding of what is to be found within the great books

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of literature. The more we learn to interpret such a life, the less we shall be inclined, whether we labor with hand or brain, to disparage this culture as something superficial or ornamental, or to subordinate it in importance and worth to that which is merely practical. For it gave him, and it can give others, not alone intellectual mastery over men and over things, but forbearance, liberality of view, and a broad charity. It taught him, as it can teach us, that the most favored of us are often obliged to go our ways amid uninviting surroundings, and that we are to welcome all those agencies which take us up from the highways of life, into the wondrous realm of the fancy and the imagination and to the heights where, Goethe says, peace is, and where we know too that truth is.

Living in an age judged by many to be hopelessly commercial, he stood for lofty aims as well as for practical results, believing that the two could go hand in hand. He did not inveigh against industrial progress nor seek to arrest it, but rather to adapt it to higher purposes, though not regarding it, as the disposition is with so many of us, as an end but

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rather as means to an end. He foresaw, however, the dangers of the prosperity which is heralded so loudly in these days, knowing that for the finer things in life there is no adequate substitute in the big bank-account or the full dinner-pail. And while recognizing that wealth and successful effort in the world of affairs often determine our ability to accomplish even good works, he was not deceived by the glamour of either, and he set up no false gods for worship.

He understood that Socialism, with its struggle for the betterment of men's lot, errs in striving to create that which it terms a common opportunity for all, but which in the end would be found to be merely a common mediocrity for all—because it so persistently minimizes or leaves wholly out of its calculations, things having to do with the sustenance of the mind and the emotions. With Bishop Potter "Man shall not live by bread only, but by everything that proceedeth out of the mouth of Jehovah doth man live," was good philosophy as well as good Scripture.

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His culture was the source of much of the power and grace of his speech, manifesting itself in his every utterance; and no one who has seen him lay his hands upon the bended heads of applicants for Confirmation could but feel that in some very definite way the blessing he invoked with such impressive intonation, was already in large measure vouchsafed to them.

His life of devotion to the Church and to the community was a personal sacrifice, for, if he had chosen the pursuit of letters, no one who knew him well can doubt that his writings would have had a permanent place among the books of literature. He gave, however, his gifts to his fellow-man, though he was unable to deny to himself that leadership among men, of which we are in such sore need just now. And when the long roll of our distinguished men is called his name will surely be there.

We hear it often said nowadays, and it is unquestionably true, that even men of distinction who speak from platform or pulpit or in debate no longer as of old influence the listener. But it is not correct to conclude that

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this is because we lack appreciation of the eloquent, forceful, persuasive presentation of subjects. On the contrary, it is rather because such a presentation has in a measure become one of the lost arts. There has come about a gradual loss of our literary standards, and we are in error if we neglect to realize that when we become tolerant of slovenly expression we are in danger of becoming tolerant of subject-matter that is unworthy. And though we need not regret the disappearance of extravagance in style of conversation and writing, there is a golden mean between such extravagance and the cheap inexpressive slang of the street or the language of the market-place.

We hear much, too, about the lack of attendance at religious services, that some clergymen choose to attribute to a change in the beliefs of men. Yet this is by no means the whole, even if it is in any sense the correct explanation. Men's minds have not changed about religion, though it is doubtless true that they have ceased to regard certain doubtful, debatable Scriptural incidents as a fundamental part of belief. In all essential things the man of understanding more and more as the mystery

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of life is borne in upon him, reverts to its religious interpretation. The trouble is that in our churches dogma is so frequently confused with belief. At other times the view seems to be entertained by many clergymen that, in order to be assured of interested listeners, things merely ethical or even sensational must be discussed. Too often for the fervent preacher of bygone days, with his quickening message, there is now the substitute of the prosaic, unimaginative lecturer upon intricate topics not admitting of a satisfactory discussion from the pulpit—but which he nevertheless disposes of in rather oracular fashion, though unequipped with adequate knowledge or experience or culture for the difficult task he has set himself. The fires of aspiration are burning perilously low in many a sermon we hear in this generation. And one reason why the churches are not filled as of old with intellectual men and women, is not because religious convictions have died out, but because the substance of what is heard from the preacher is no longer in the highest sense religious, and the method of presentation of even worthy ideas no longer persuasive. Convincing as was Bishop Potter in sustained argu-

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ment, scarcely any sermon or address of his failed to make it evident that there is the magic of the apt illustration or phrase, and of mere precision in speech, and even that the illumination of a word can be a revelation.

Can anyone seriously believe that to-day the churches of New York would not be filled to overflowing, and that we should need more rather than fewer churches, if the pulpits were occupied by men even approximating his intellectual training and forceful speech?

Emerson long ago, in an address in Divinity College, Cambridge, pronounced the office of the preacher the "first in the world," adding with his impassioned earnestness:

It is time that this ill-suppressed murmur of all thoughtful men against the famine of our churches—this moaning of the heart because it is bereaved of the consolation, the hope, the grandeur that come alone out of the culture of the moral nature—should be heard through the sleep of indolence, and over the din of routine. This great and perpetual office of the preacher is not discharged. Preaching is the expression of the moral sentiment in application to the duties of life. In how many churches, by how many prophets, tell me, is man made sensible that he is an infinite soul, that the earth and heavens are

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passing into his mind, that he is drinking forever the soul of God? Where now sounds the persuasion that by its very melody imparadises my heart, and so affirms its own origin in heaven?

And with all his learning and practical wisdom, his administrative ability, his kindliness, his eloquence, his reverence, his sense of duty and his true nobility, Bishop Potter continued always to be the ideal preacher.

The further thought comes to one's mind on such an occasion as this, of the perplexing problems that confront us as a people, and that are emphasized more and more by the ominous mutterings of present-day discontent and protest. In reviewing some time ago for *The North American Review* Mr. H. G. Wells's the *Future in America*—that book of keen insight into our institutions—I had occasion to state:

He sees the greedy acquisition of vast wealth and its vulgar display, and in the centralization and concentration of that wealth and of our organized industry within an increasingly few hands, more than the beginnings of the collapse of our much-vaunted individual competition and of equal opportunity for all. It is apparent to him that our economic processes have begun to grind living men as well as inanimate matter. And he notes the ominous mutterings of a disapproval that will not be mute, even though it must speak with the economic jargon of

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the demagogue. It is no longer a case of our avoiding or stifling the debate, but of the substitution of wise counsels for intemperate utterances and for possibly intemperate acts; and by wise counsels is meant the introduction into our conceptions of our national life of many considerations we have up to the present time ignored.

All of us frequently hear expressions of surprise at the appearance of this disapproval at a time when the evidence of material prosperity confront us everywhere. Yet we must not forget that, fortunately, the American people think as well as eat; and it is a hopeful sign for the future that their consciences and intellects cannot be drugged with the "full dinner-pail."

On the contrary, much of it is superficial or manufactured by men with evil or interested motives; much of it is full of crudities. Yet, when all this is said, it remains true that at the present time there is flowing through this and other lands a great stream of influence to which, accordingly as men view from different points of view the contributions it has received from its many sources, they have applied the several names of "discontent," "unrest," "socialism," "humanitarianism," and "a great spiritual awakening." Whatever be its proper characterization, only our folly can persuade us that this influence in the world will, or that it is wise that it should, utterly disappear. On the contrary, if indications count for anything, it gains in depth and volume as it sweeps on, and threatens to undermine the foundation of many things whose security we have until now regarded as beyond menace. Nor, as some think, can its current be dammed; for through or over any obstruction placed in its way it is likely one day to rush with even more disastrous

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consequences. What appears to many of us, superficially viewed, merely as a meaningless or destructive agency, can be utilized for good; for, just as men by directing the course of mighty rivers into countless channels, have turned deserts into fertile lands, so we, with this influence, can perhaps restore to usefulness the places in our national life laid waste by selfishness, neglect, and the lack of regard for those things which concern the welfare of our neighbor and the state.

Reflection has not led me to change this view, and if we are so unwise as to consider ourselves immune from perils which are the natural outgrowth of the menacing conditions of our own creation or toleration, there will be for us—as there has always been for individuals or a people lulled into a false and foolish security—a rude awakening and a sorry reckoning.

Admittedly too, much strange political doctrine is abroad in the land, and though unquestionably a large part of it is vicious and unwise, not all of it can fairly be so characterized. Emerson said in his essay on Self-Reliance: "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines"; and no one can read that

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noble essay into which he has put the enthusiasm of a great soul, without concluding that the attitude we often take toward new issues is not always the true one.

If we turn to the debates of the Constitutional Convention at which was adopted our Constitution—which a discriminating foreign critic pronounced “the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man”—we shall come upon much strange doctrine on which the foundations of our institutions rest. Strange doctrine it was that there should be departments of government each to be safe from encroachment by any of the others; that the States were to possess all the rights which they did not surrender to the Nation; and that the people alone were to be intrusted with sovereign power. Strange doctrine, too, that the acts of the law-making body were not to be supreme, but subject to judicial review by the courts, just as years before it was strange doctrine that had justified the Declaration of Independence and Revolution as well, when principle was set at naught by English misrule.

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Tennyson, who—class him where we may among the great poets—often saw wonderful visions, said the old order yields place to the new order, not because the old order was wrong, but

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Clearly enough in some directions, we have come again to the parting of the ways between old and valued traditions and new conceptions of the rights of man; but we need not disregard the one as we seek to appraise the worth of the other. It may be, and it probably is, true that we should take neither of the paths which unthinking men advocate; but there is one thing we must not fail to do—to take that path which will surely lead us upward as well as forward. But for our guidance now we need, as never before in recent times, men, with not only a desire but a passion for right judgment, that will not be turned aside even though their utterances may mean arraignment by the Press or the Majority; that for the furthering of a just cause are willing to be of the minority and even of that lesser number the righteous “remnant” in whom, when all

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else fails, is so often found the hope of a people; men of that sterling quality of which he to whom we dedicate these buildings to-day was such a splendid example.

If these grave questions, now pressing for an answer are to be answered aright, if we in this country are to continue to have a government of laws and not of men, we must not listen only to extreme partisan advocates or to those whose views are warped by too much or too little sympathy with existing conditions. The head as well as the heart, reason and not harangue, must have a voice in the debate. And Bishop Potter, and men of his understanding, while setting their faces unalterably against foolish, ill-advised sentiment, and the outpourings of the demagogue and his several understudies, never permitted themselves to come to hasty conclusions and then rush headlong into immature schemes for reforms; nor, on the other hand, did they flout what was new because it had been untried. Their untiring search, as ours must be, was for the truth.

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We must learn to know that not every intemperate approval or every denunciation of present tendencies is to be applauded or sanctioned; and there are occasions when the smug satisfaction of the conservative—joined like Ephraim of old to idols—may cause us almost to welcome the mischievous, misguided notions of the mere political exhorter. The fair adjustment is to be sought for in the wisdom of those worthy, well-balanced men who are entitled to speak with authority; and there will come times when they will be right if, as William Lloyd Garrison once said in his courageous phrase, they are in word and deed “as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice.”

Only when we shall understand and appreciate the lives of such men as Henry C. Potter and Richard Watson Gilder, and John Bigelow and Grover Cleveland, and of all the class of which they were shining members—and of which Mr. Choate is first in honor among the inspiring survivals—shall we become entitled to the hope, if the hope shall have made a covenant with high resolve, that we can deal

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prudently and effectively with things of evil and dangerous import, and make of this country a land not only of material progress but of high purpose and fulfilment.

It is such thoughts that would seem to have for us a peculiar significance to-day, as we formally dedicate these buildings, on the walls of which there is the tablet with its stimulating, quickening tribute:

To the Memory of Henry Codman Potter,
Bishop of New York:
And in Grateful Recognition of his
Life of Wisdom and Courage and
Righteousness and Service.

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JUSTLY or unjustly, there are laid at the door of the present Republican Administration serious charges of an arbitrary exercise of power; of the usurpation by the Executive of legislative functions; of unconstitutional acts; and of a general tendency, not alone toward a centralization of power in the general government at Washington, but toward a personalization of government in Mr. Roosevelt.

To all these charges a denial is interposed; and it is asserted with great frequency and emphasis by those high in the councils and confidence of the Republican party, and by the President himself, that the Democratic party in making these charges, and in its present appeal for popular support, is guilty of insincerity.

¹ Published in *The North American Review* of November, 1904, under the title "Is the Democratic Party Insincere?" and reprinted by the Democratic National Committee and circulated as part of its Presidential campaign literature.

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It remains with the great body of voters, who are not partisans from interest or habit, and whose support is essential to the success of either candidate, to pass upon these grave issues—submitted to them as to a great and impartial tribunal for their verdict.

As to the far-reaching significance of that verdict there should be no misapprehension.

If favorable to the Republican party it will be an approval, or at least a condonation, of acts which have been the subject of so much heated discussion for the past few months, and a deliberate acquiescence in the policy of that party, carried out through its accidental but accredited representative. The acts of the agent, even if unauthorized and in excess of his delegated powers, will then have been ratified by the principal, and that principal will no longer be the Republican party, but the American People. The momentous question is whether we are prepared for that kind of an indorsement.

We should at the outset dispose of the specious insistence that a condemnation of the acts complained of, will necessarily mean that the nation will be called upon to undo what has been done pursuant to them.

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No such argument is entitled to serious consideration. On the contrary—under principles controlling with our courts and sanctioned by general usage—if rights have vested and rules of property or even of conduct have been established by reason of acts indefensible in themselves but done with apparent authority, it may be that the acts in whole or in part must stand. But the questions whether such acts shall stand because these rights have vested and these rules have been established, or whether they shall stand as accepted precedents because the acts are right and defensible in themselves, give rise to wholly different answers. Even if every one of such acts must stand, the issue as to the character of them is not a dead but a living issue; for the issue then is not the thing done, but the principle pursuant to which it was done. Unless the Republican party can successfully establish that the justification for its conduct is complete, without recourse to the argument as to the embarrassment which might follow a refusal to indorse these acts, then that party is not entitled to our support.

The just and the only legitimate method of applying this test of approval or disapproval,

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is to consider what the people of the United States would do if Mr. Roosevelt were seeking election on a platform which set forth as part of its policy an intention to carry out, precisely as they were carried out, all those acts of which grave complaint is now made.

It is certain that Mr. Roosevelt cannot fairly object to this test, for he has invited it by the language of his Letter of Acceptance, wherein he declares that the spirit of what he has done will be the precedent for what he is to do. And it is equally certain that, in this way, we shall view these acts in a new and a rather startling light.

Let us at the outset also fix upon the proper methods for conducting such an inquiry.

We are not to be misled by the plausible claim that, at most, the departure from law and tradition is apparently insignificant. In the consideration of an unconstitutional or an indefensible act by an Executive or by a Legislature, the question is not what harm it may do, or how grave a departure from constitutional principles or accepted tradition and precedent it may be, nor what are the motives which prompted the departure.

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The question is whether there is any departure at all.

In our courts of law, invalid testamentary trusts are not confined to those cases where it is apparent that the provisions must offend against the statute. The possibility of such a result is sufficient. So, also, our courts, finding a contracting party improperly interested in the subject-matter of his trust, permit neither court nor jury to consider the transaction from the point of view of its resulting injury or benefit. They condemn the transaction wherever the prohibited relation is disclosed.

Much more is great caution to be observed where the question under consideration is one involving the good faith of a nation, or the slightest assumption by an Executive of unconstitutional powers, or an inclination on his part to disregard constitutional limitations and restraints. The extent or degree of the offense is not of controlling moment; that it exists at all is sufficient to call for instant condemnation.

An occasion once arose, where the President of the United States had undertaken merely to

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take from one of the Cabinet officers of the government, the right of determining where the public moneys should be deposited and to exercise that function himself. Webster then uttered these words:

It was strongly and forcibly urged, yesterday, by the honorable member from South Carolina, that the true and only mode of preserving any balance of power in mixed governments is to keep an exact balance. This is very true, and to this end encroachments must be resisted at the first step. The question is, therefore, whether, upon the true principles of the Constitution, this exercise of power by the President can be justified. Whether the consequences be prejudicial or not, if there be an illegal exercise of power it is to be resisted in the proper manner. Even if no harm or inconvenience results from transgressing the boundary, the intrusion is not to be suffered to pass unnoticed. Every encroachment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention of those who are intrusted with the preservation of a constitutional government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regard great questions affecting the general feeling. Those fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the Colonies in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was, in their

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eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an Act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest against an assertion which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it; nor did it elude either their steady eye or their well-directed blow till they had extirpated it and destroyed it to the smallest fiber. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against the Power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subrogation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a Power which is dotted over the surface of the whole globe, with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

The necessity of holding strictly to the principles upon which free governments are constructed, and to those precise lines which fix the partitions of power between different branches, is as plain, if not as cogent, as that of resisting, as our fathers did, the strides of the parent country against the rights of the colonies; because, whether the power which exceeds its just limits be foreign or domestic, whether it be the encroachment of all branches on the rights of the people, or that of one branch on the rights of others, in either case the balanced and well-

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adjusted machinery of free government is disturbed, and, if the derangement go on, the whole system must fall.

Nor are we to be held to any strict requirement of proof as to the motives for such acts. Motives are elusive, and whether the acts were committed from good or from wrong motives, is not a question of first importance.

The Presidency of the United States is a trusteeship held for its beneficiary—the people of the United States. The rules laid down for the guidance of the Trustee are found in the Constitution, in our statutes, in the decisions of our courts, and in precedents established by a long course of national conduct. No one but the beneficiary has given, or could give, to the Trustee a license to depart from these rules. The President does not create these rules—he obeys them. It may have been the intention of the President—and we should be prepared to concede much to one of his high character—to do justice always. But the people of this country cannot be expected to acquiesce in the attempt of the Executive to make laws, however just, rather than to execute laws as they exist, any more than they would be content that courts

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of law should discard all precedents, and attempt to render decisions according to some freshly devised theory of right and wrong.

We are free in matters such as are now under discussion, to rest our final judgment on a foundation much less substantial than that of established proof of facts. The inquiry is not similar to a trial in a court of law. It may be likened rather to the proceedings of an investigating committee of a legislature where, at times, impressions, a general course of conduct and even hearsay are all properly to be taken into consideration and given due weight.

Only in this case all these conditions are much more applicable, for the question at issue is what hereafter shall be our standards for national conduct, and the investigating committee is the American People. We are to determine whether the Republican party is entitled to our indorsement, in much the same way as we come to a conclusion concerning the character of an individual.

From a consideration of these acts, not as isolated or unrelated, but in association with other acts, and from the character of the defense interposed, we are to conclude whether

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the charges against the Administration of Mr. Roosevelt are just.

We must bear in mind that the acts complained of find their source and inspiration and their defense in the doctrine of centralization, that is the creed of the Republican party; and the personalization of government is the natural but the dangerous offspring of centralization. The imperceptible but resistless drift of legislation for which the Republican party is responsible, and of much judicial interpretation of that legislation and of the Constitution itself, promoted and sanctioned by Republican doctrine, has to-day stripped the several States of much of their individuality, so that in some vital essentials they are no longer States, but mere boroughs.

Chief-Justice Marshall, whose views were not always in accord with those of Jefferson, the founder and apostle of Democracy, said:

No political dreamer was ever wild enough to think of breaking down the lines which separate the States and of compounding the people into one common mass.

If we are prepared to stand idly by and see, not dreamers but men, active, aggressive, in the

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control of a great party and of the machinery of government, break down these lines, then we have enthroned new leaders and exalted new standards.

Nor are we to be turned aside from an investigation of these questions by a recital of past shortcomings of the Democratic party. We are not dealing with offenses of either party, other than those which are of vital import in this election. The Democratic party has often come short of its high purposes; it has disappointed its followers and forfeited their support. But it has recanted its errors; it has returned to its old allegiance, and has consecrated itself anew to its old articles of faith. Whether it is sincere in this must be gathered largely from what it has to say as to the conduct of the Republican party during the past few years, and from the kind of candidate it has offered for the suffrages of the American People.

And, finally and above all, in such an inquiry we are to resolve all doubts not in favor of the Republican party or of Mr. Roosevelt but of the nation.

In the light of these suggestions, let us apply the test suggested and inquire whether, if it

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were now proposed by the Republican party, to pursue the course it has adopted and to commit the acts now complained of, we should give or withhold our approval. Let us suppose, therefore, that the Republican party had announced in its platform that if successful in the election, its programme would be as follows:

That the President of the United States would, after a refusal by Congress to pass a pension law, put into force Pension Order No. 78 as a substitute for such legislation;

That over remote territorial possessions, which can be held only by a departure from our national traditions, our flag was to float, not temporarily for the protection of subjects against internal warfare and for the establishment of law and order, but as a symbol of American proprietorship;

That the building of the Panama Canal was to be compassed by a resort to practices which, it would not be difficult to establish, would involve a breach of faith with another nation, coupled with an arbitrary unconstitutional act;

That the President would devise the new political expedient of a constructive recess of

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Congress to secure, out of all order of legitimate preferment, the appointment of a friend to a major-generalship of the United States Army;

That he would, in a series of addresses throughout this country, advocate an amendment to the Constitution of the United States that would, if adopted, operate to so obliterate State lines, that the "compounding of the people into one common mass" would be seriously threatened;

That we were to be treated to episodes of the "We want either Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead" order; and that we were to have our navy move from point to point, not for display or discipline but for threatened action;

That weak but independent nations were to be lectured and threatened as by a pedagogue armed to the teeth, about their manners and their debts, in language like the following used by Mr. Roosevelt:

Any country whose people conduct themselves well can count upon our hearty friendliness. If a nation shows that it knows how to act with decency in industrial and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, then it need fear no interference from the United States. Brutal wrong-doing or an impotence which results in the general loosen-

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ing of the ties of civilized society may finally require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the United States cannot ignore its duty;

That we were thus to see the Monroe Doctrine evolved into a new doctrine that is entitled in all justice to be baptized the Roosevelt Doctrine;

And that, generally, a centralized, a personalized and a kind of *vi et armis* theory of government was to be set up for our worship.

What under such conditions would the people do at this election?

Unless the Administration can stand this test of its acts—disassociated wholly from any consideration of the inadvisability or impracticability of undoing what has been done—it must be condemned, and condemned utterly.

The limitations of a magazine article forbid anything like an extended discussion of these questions, and permit but this reference to several of them. The answer to some is apparent without discussion. The answer to others is equally apparent if we trace these acts to their source and inspiration in the chief article of faith of the Republican party, the centraliza-

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tion of government. For, as has been said, from the centralization of government, it is only one and a very short step to the personalization of government; and from the latter the step is imperceptible to a government which shall act upon personal caprice and be on the borderland, and perhaps within the province, of indifference to all law and precedent.

There has been extended debate concerning the Pension Order of Mr. Roosevelt but much of it is irrelevant. The question as to how much the Pension Order takes from the Treasury of the United States is not of such great moment; the question of importance is how much has it taken away from the constitutional foundation on which this government rests. A reference to any precedent set by President Cleveland or by President McKinley is of little moment, because the conditions were different. But assuming that they were in part similar, neither of those Presidents acted immediately prior to a political convention at which either was a candidate. Neither acted by a usurpation of the legislative function when the whole subject was under consideration by Congress.

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There were at least four pension bills in Congress—three or more in the House of Representatives and one in the Senate—when this order was promulgated. All of these bills were of similar import, and one of them was in effect the same as the Pension Order. The mere pendency of such bills was evidence that, in the opinion of Congress, legislation was essential to authorize the act which the order of Mr. Roosevelt sought to accomplish.

The proposed legislation failed of enactment. Then the President took the matter into his own hands, and authorized or approved the order which operated to have the effect of the proposed law Congress had declined to enact.

If a corporation, having sought and having failed to secure legislative authority for the carrying out of some corporate purpose, thereupon lawlessly puts its scheme into effect, could it reasonably look for anything but condemnation of its course? Much less can the President expect to escape like condemnation, for he was usurping the prerogative of Congress, no matter what his motive may have been.

Would the people of the United States, in the face of a declaration that such a course of

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conduct as to the Pension Order was to be adopted and defended, elect Mr. Roosevelt? There is no middle ground. Mr. Roosevelt's defense cannot stop short of such an indorsement. If we should not be prepared to authorize in advance such a performance, Mr. Roosevelt does not deserve election, simply because the revocation of the order might now operate as an injury to many people, entitled to the consideration and the lasting gratitude of the nation.

How can the act be regarded as being other than what it was termed in the Senate of the United States, "a piece of Executive Legislation"? It was stated in the Senate, with much emphasis and with equal truth, that the order was taken bodily from the bill and was issued when it became evident that the bill was not likely to become a law. And it was issued on the eve of a Presidential convention at which Mr. Roosevelt was a candidate for nomination.

The order was:

Ordered, (1) In the adjudication of pension claims under said act of June 27th, 1890, as amended, it shall be taken and considered as an evidential fact, if the contrary does not appear, and if all other legal requirements are properly met, that when a claim-

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ant has passed the age of 62 years he is disabled one-half in ability to perform manual labor, and is entitled to be rated at \$6 per month; after 65 years, at \$8 per month; after 68 years, at \$10 per month, and after 70 years, at \$12 per month.

One of the pending bills reads as follows:

That every officer or enlisted man in the army or navy of the United States coming within the provisions of the second section of the act of June 27th, 1890, as amended by the act of May 9th, 1900, who is or may become 62 years of age shall be pensioned under said acts at \$6 per month, and every one who is or may become 65 years of age shall be pensioned at \$8 per month; those who are or may become 68 years of age shall be pensioned at \$10 per month, and those who are or who may become 70 years of age shall be pensioned at \$12 per month.

An attempted defense in part is that Judge Parker has announced that, if elected, he will recall the order and favor the enactment of an old-age pension law, which will, it is claimed, make a drain upon the Treasury greater than that brought about by Mr. Roosevelt's act. But this is no defense. Judge Parker is advocating a law to be passed by Congress; he is not proposing to usurp the province of Congress. The people of the United States can afford to pay many millions of dollars annually to those who defended the Union; they can afford to pay

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no tribute to an unconstitutional act or to an exhibition of arbitrariness and a defiance of public opinion and of the legislative will. The President of the United States is expected to be the servant of the people—not their master. There may have been great pressure upon the Administration to do what it did, and its enthusiasm and not alone its political interests may have run with the pressure, but we are not required to be content with an Administration which is “the slave of circumstance and impulse.”

Suppose again that the Republican party should announce in its platform, that it intended to secure the right to build the Panama Canal in the way whereby that project has been begun. Then the question would be, not “What are you going to do about it, now that the act has been committed?” but “What will you do by way of conferring original authority for the act?”

It would then be set forth in the platform of the Republican party, that its candidate for President of the United States, if elected, would seek to increase our commercial prosperity by

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promoting the building of the Panama Canal, if possible, by treaty with Colombia; that if he failed in this, he would refuse to obey the Spooner Act which enjoined his then entering upon negotiations for the construction of the Nicaragua Canal; that if in the course of the negotiations with Colombia, the part of Colombia within which is included the Panama route should revolt, he would forthwith recognize the insurgents as a Republic; that—if Colombia should seek to repossess itself of the territory which had been thus torn from its rightful owner—the President of the United States would by threat and force of arms, and, by a bold usurpation of authority vested only in Congress, to all intents and purposes declare war upon Colombia; that the Republican party would thereupon put a premium of \$10,000,000 upon rebellion by a payment of that sum to a band of insurgents; and, lastly, and worst of all, that this course toward a weak sister nation would be defended on the ground that such nation was obdurate and unreasonable, and that by any other course the construction of the interocean waterway would have been long postponed.

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Would the people then elect Mr. Roosevelt upon such an issue? Would they vote for that kind of a canal? Would they vote to have the Constitution overridden and war declared, not by Congress, but as completely by the caprice of a President as it is by that of any ruler on the Continent of Europe, hedged in by no constitutional restraint? This is no idle academic question before us. The gravity of the issue cannot be exaggerated. If the American People are not prepared to go so far as to say they would now confer original authority for such a defiance of the Constitution, then, as has been pointed out, the candidate of the party responsible for this act is not entitled to be elected, simply because the act cannot be wholly undone.

It is said that we did not promote the rebellion in Panama. The disclaimer of preliminary information on the subject by the Administration is confined to the statement by the President in his report to Congress, in January, 1904, that save for certain official information and reports accompanying the message,

no one connected with this government had any previous knowledge of the revolution, except such

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as 'was accessible to any person of ordinary intelligence who read the newspapers and kept up a current acquaintance with public affairs.

Now there is brought to light a letter written on October 10, 1903, at the White House to a friend, in which, among other things, Mr. Roosevelt said:

I cast aside the proposition made at this time to foment the secession of Panama. Whatever other governments can do, the United States cannot go into the securing, by such underhand means, the cession.

Who made the proposition thus cast aside, and under what auspices was it made? What was the suggestion as to co-operation by us in promoting the secession of Panama and what was to be the consideration to us? These are pertinent questions and will doubtless have to be answered some day.

But the immediate questions are, why was there not laid before Congress all the information, or at least so much of it as was communicated to a friend, concerning this political intrigue to which it now appears we were a proposed party? Who authorized the President of the United States, however much he may regard himself as the impersonation of the

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government, to withhold information upon a subject concerning which he was presumably making a complete communication to Congress? On what theory did he regard himself as authorized to argue, and not in duty bound to state the case just as it was?

Such a course may be justified elsewhere, but we are of the view that it will not be long tolerated in this country. Humiliating indeed must be the reading of these two statements, not alone to those who are friendly but to those who are opposed to Mr. Roosevelt. The reading is alarming, too, as an indication of many things attempted to be pointed out in this article. And when some advocate shall make it appear that these two apparently conflicting statements can be reconciled and that Mr. Roosevelt dealt in appropriate candor with Congress, he will earn the lasting gratitude of the American people.

There is an attempted defense of this Panama affair by Mr. Roosevelt and his supporters. That of Mr. Roosevelt is, perhaps, the best. He says in his letter of acceptance:

Our opponents can criticize what we did in Panama only on condition of mis-stating what was done. The Administration behaved throughout not only with

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good faith, but with extraordinary patience and large generosity toward those with whom it dealt. It was also mindful of American interests. It acted in strict compliance with the law passed by Congress. Had not Panama been promptly recognized, and the transit across the Isthmus kept open, in accordance with our treaty rights and obligations, there would have ensued endless guerrilla warfare and possibly foreign complications; while all chance of building the canal would have been deferred, certainly for years, perhaps for a generation or more.

We are entitled to dismiss the statement that the Administration behaved throughout with extraordinary patience and large generosity toward those with whom it dealt, with the simple comment that the patience was of a wholly novel sort—true patience bearing to it about the same relation that sense bears to nonsense. And we are justified in adding that the generosity seems to have been generosity only to stockholders in a canal company which was insolvent, and toward insurgents, who were successful if not through our alliance at least by our connivance. That the Administration was not mindful of American interests is clear, for those interests could not be best subserved by the commission of a breach of national faith. Clearly the Administration did not act in strict compliance with the law passed by Congress,

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because that law is mandatory in requiring the President to enter upon negotiations for the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, if the Panama route could not be secured within a reasonable time—by treaty, be it remembered, and not by profit-sharing in a rebellion.

The fact that Mr. Roosevelt ignored this mandate and pleads that, by any course other than that adopted by him, the building of the canal would have been indefinitely deferred, merely indicates the extremity to which he is obliged to resort in an attempt to justify his conduct.

The conjecture that guerrilla warfare and possibly foreign complications would have ensued but for the recognition of this one-day-old republic, is without justification. In fact, the more that light is let in upon this despicable affair—and light is being let in altogether too rapidly for the Republican peace of mind, one might conclude—the more the presumption grows into a conviction that Colombia, if not over-awed by us the Guarantor of her Sovereignty over Panama, would forthwith have suppressed that petty plot entitled only by courtesy to be termed a rebellion.

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If we are going to conjecture what things might have happened if we had failed to act as we did, with how much more propriety may we not conjecture what another President may do, acting from purely evil motives—which we must all be prepared to concede did not control Mr. Roosevelt—if this precedent be approved by a vote of the American people!

The fact is that the whole defense for Mr. Roosevelt of the Panama Canal episode falls to the ground.

It is claimed by his supporters that by our treaty with New Granada we were bound to do, or at least were justified in doing, what we did. The claim cannot be sustained. The treaty imposed reciprocal obligations upon the two contracting parties.

On the one hand, New Granada guaranteed to the United States the right to enjoy the ports of New Granada as they were enjoyed by her citizens; and also,

that right of way or transit across the Isthmus of Panama upon any modes of communication that now exist or that may hereafter be constructed, shall be open and free to the government and citizens of the United States; and for transportation of any articles of produce, manufacture, or merchandise of lawful

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commerce belonging to the citizens of the United States, upon the same terms as to the citizens of New Granada.

On the other hand,

The United States guarantee positively and efficaciously to New Granada by the present stipulation, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned Isthmus, with the view that free transit from the one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed in any future time while this treaty exists; and in consequence the United States also guarantee, in the same manner, the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada has and possesses over the said territory.

To the rights and obligations of New Granada, the United States of Colombia, and subsequently the Republic of Colombia, succeeded. The regularity of this succession and the sovereignty of the two republics were officially recognized by us in our diplomatic relations with them. Two or more treaties were made and ratified between us and the United States of Colombia, and at least one was made and ratified between us and the Republic of Colombia, prior to the ill-fated Hay-Herran treaty. By a recognition of the new Republic of Panama and by forbidding the recovery by Colombia of the territory in revolt, that we by treaty were bound

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to aid and not to obstruct, we prevented Colombia from fulfilling her guaranty to us. Then, by a claim that Colombia had not kept her part of the bargain thus made impossible by our conduct, we repudiated the spirit of our part of the treaty, which quite as much required us to uphold the sovereignty of Colombia against our own aggression, as did the letter of that treaty require us to uphold that sovereignty against foreign aggression. We not only did all this, but by the precipitate recognition of the so-called Republic of Panama, we pursued a course which, if it had been adopted by foreign governments toward us in the time of the Civil War, might have made unsuccessful our effort to preserve the Union.

Mr. Root, in his defense of the Panama Canal incident, speaks of "the seizure by Panama of the opportunity to renew her oft-repeated effort to throw off the hateful and oppressive yoke of Colombia." But who set us up as judges to determine that the yoke of Colombia was hateful and oppressive? We recognized her sovereignty over Panama, and however hateful and oppressive the yoke may have been, there can be no fair question that we should not have

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been guilty of this precipitate recognition of Panama but for the fact that we had in prospect the construction of the canal.

The following is the account of our stewardship as a Guarantor of Sovereignty. On the third of November, 1903, occurred the "uprising with no bloodshed" consisting of the arrest of two Colombian officers. Four days thereafter three persons—"the dauntless Three" perhaps, who were about as much entitled to speak for a real republic as the three tailors of Tooley Street were entitled to petition Parliament as "We the people of England"—communicated by cable to the United States that the new Republic of Panama had been born. And it is to be remembered that we in the interval, and as matter of fact, before the uprising, had forbidden the movement of Colombian troops across the isthmus or any other hostile action by Colombia.

Recognition by us of the Republic took place on the day following, by this announcement:

The people of Panama, by an apparently unanimous movement, dissolved their political connection with the Republic of Colombia, and resumed their independence, and having adopted a government of their own, republican in form, with which the

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Government of the United States has entered into relations, the President of the United States, in accordance with the ties of friendship which have so long and so happily existed between the respective nations, most earnestly commends to the Governments of Colombia and of Panama the peaceful and equitable settlement of all questions at issue between them. He holds that he is bound, not merely by treaty obligations, but by the interests of civilization, to see that the peaceful traffic of the world across the Isthmus of Panama shall not longer be disturbed by a constant succession of unnecessary and wasteful civil wars.

The farce was thus complete.

"Do our opponents," flippantly asks Mr. Roosevelt in his letter of acceptance, "grudge the fifty millions paid for the Panama Canal?" No, perhaps not, but they do begrudge the stain put upon our national honor, and they believe that in this they speak not for the Democratic party but for the American People.

We are told by Mr. Hay, in his panegyric, that "in times of doubt and difficulty the thought oftenest in Mr. Roosevelt's heart is 'What in such a case would Lincoln have done?'" The source of the trouble then must be that few cases of doubt and difficulty ever present themselves to Mr. Roosevelt when bent upon the accomplishment of his purpose, inas-

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much as evidence of any such heart referendum is so rarely apparent in his political life.

Clearly in the spoliation of Colombia there seems to have been no "doubt or difficulty"; nor, to complete the alliteration, was there any delay.

What a travesty it all is! To intimate even, that Lincoln, with his infinite charity and forbearance, and with his deep religious devotion to principle and his subordination of self, would, under like conditions—not only without authority, but against the mandate of a statute and of the Constitution—have done what Mr. Roosevelt did to Colombia, and in other ways would have made history as Mr. Roosevelt has made history, comes perilously near being a libel upon our martyred dead.

In a noted case before the Supreme Court of the United States, the question at issue was the right of maintenance of an action of ejectment against property held for the account of the United States. In the course of the argument, one of the Justices suggested to plaintiff's counsel, that a decision of the Court in favor of his client would establish a dangerous precedent whereby the government, at some future

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time, could be successfully ousted from land used for a lighthouse—which thereupon might, temporarily at least, be dismantled and ships exposed to new perils of the sea.

The answer of the counsel was:

Better that the lighthouse never should be lighted than that the Light of the Law should be extinguished.

On the eve of the great battle of Plassey which was to determine the question of the possession of India by the English nation, Omichund, an ally, was about to play the British false. He was bribed by Lord Clive to remain true, and the understanding was to be set down in a treaty which Omichund supposed had been signed by representatives of the English nation. The paper delivered to him was a substituted paper, and even that paper did not bear the signature it purported to bear. The biographer of Clive sought to defend it. Concerning the defense Macaulay says:

We should not think it necessary to offer any remarks for the purpose of directing the judgment of our readers with respect to this transaction, had not Sir John Malcolm undertaken to defend it in all its parts. He regrets, indeed, that it was necessary to employ means so liable to abuse as forgery; but he

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will not admit that any blame attaches to those who deceived the deceiver. He thinks that the English were not bound to keep faith with one who kept no faith with them, and that, if they had fulfilled their engagements with the wily Bengalee, so signal an example of successful treason would have produced a crowd of imitators. Now, we will not discuss this point on any rigid principles of morality. Indeed, it is quite unnecessary to do so. For, looking at the question as a question of expediency in the lowest sense of the word, and using no arguments but such as Machiavelli might have employed in his conferences with Borgia, we are convinced that Clive was altogether in the wrong, and that he committed, not merely a crime, but a blunder. That honesty is the best policy is a maxim which we firmly believe to be generally correct, even with respect to the temporal interest of individuals; but with respect to societies, the rule is subject to still fewer exceptions, and that for this reason, that the life of societies is longer than the life of individuals. It is possible to mention men who have owed great worldly prosperity to breaches of private faith; but we doubt whether it be possible to mention a state which has, on the whole, been a gainer by a breach of public faith.

The Republic of Colombia had failed, it is asserted, to act in a spirit of fairness toward our government. Though there is not complete proof of this, suppose it be conceded. Still, Colombia owed us no obligation to accept the treaty we proposed, fair though it may have been. Omichund, owing the English nation the obligations of an ally, was treacherous on

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the eve of battle. Yet who will have the hardihood to say that treachery even to him was not properly condemned?—How much less justification was there for our action toward Colombia, even though that weaker nation was contumacious, and was not acting as we thought would best enable us to further the construction of a new route for commerce, perhaps needed by us and by the whole world?

It is said by the Psalmist, that he shall dwell in the tabernacle of the Lord and shall rest upon His holy hill and shall never fall, who among other things "hath not done evil to his neighbor, and hath not slandered his neighbor; and that sweareth unto his neighbor and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance." And whether we like to realize it or not, we have come short of the standard of the Psalmist, for we profited by, even if we did not promote, a rebellion by which Colombia was stripped of her possessions; we set up an unworthy attack upon that nation as a justification and defense for the course we had pursued; and, more than all, for our commercial advantage we broke a solemn treaty obligation.

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To the extent that this wrong can be righted, reparation should, after full investigation, be made to the Republic of Colombia freely and promptly, if only for the reason selfish though it be—though there are other reasons—that the act shall not serve as an accepted precedent, and that one stain upon the page of our history may be blotted out forever.

The danger in all such acts is not alone in themselves, for great danger lurks in the condonation of them. For it is an accepted law of ethics, that punishment in the Court of Conscience, unlike that in Courts of Law, lessens with each repeated and unrebuked offense. And it should be a matter of grave concern, that we do not deaden our sensibilities as a people, to that which makes for righteous national conduct.

The whole Panama incident is defensible only as an act of expediency, and that defense is always demurrable when the charge is of a violation of the honor and the good faith of a state. It is not a bright page in American history and never can be. No doubt it was desirable to secure an inter-ocean waterway, but it would have been better that vessels should

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round Cape Horn until the end of time, than that we, for any purpose, should have shortened the route by the practices with which we stand charged.

When Grover Cleveland, as Governor of the State of New York, was called upon to consider a bill passed by the Legislature reducing the fares on the Elevated Railroad, he vetoed a popular measure because his courage and adherence to principle, of which this action was but one of many manifestations, forbade him to accept expediency as his guide. He said:

But we have specially in our keeping the honor and good faith of a great State, and we should see to it that no suspicion attaches, through any act of ours, to the fair fame of the commonwealth. The State should not only be strictly just but scrupulously fair, and in its relation to the citizens every legal and moral obligation should be recognized. . . .

The experiences of other States teach us that we must keep within the limits of law and good faith lest in the end we bring upon the very people whom we seek to benefit and protect a hardship which must surely follow when these limits are ignored.

As has been attempted to point out, the other acts of the Republican party referred to, though differing in degree, are of common origin with those discussed, and are all manifestations of a determination on the part of the Republican

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party to go forward with its purposes, if deemed expedient, regardless of means or of precedents laid down for our guidance; to rule and not to serve the people.

It remains only to add this commentary.

The Democratic party stands opposed to these acts. It insists that our national faith shall be kept at all times. It insists that the tariff shall be so reconstructed that injustice to the many shall not continue to be committed for the benefit of the few, and that an artificial income, abnormally large, shall not afford the basis or the incitement for profligate expenditures. It insists that we shall have a government of peace as well as prosperity. It insists that as we grow great and powerful we shall be considerate to all nations. It insists that States are safe only so long as principles hold sway, even though conduct may at times fall short of the ideals which these principles enjoin; and it insists that we shall not, by our indifference, or by our approval of or acquiescence in wrong acts, permit to be set up in this country false gods for worship.

If this be insincerity, then clearly, insincerity is synonymous with love of country.

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The Democratic party insists that we have been burdened by the fortunes of war with the execution of a great trust in the Philippines, and not with the continued possession of a great territory—made possible only by a formidable navy which it is now proposed to expand indefinitely. And it insists that to discharge that trust and hand back these lands to its inhabitants, free and independent, under conditions which will ensure to us always a dominating moral and commercial influence there, involves no such nonsense as hauling down the flag of our country in dishonor. But it insists that, when that day of rejoicing shall have come to the Philippines, our flag for the first time will have been raised there in triumph. It insists that for us, in the promotion of any world-wide scheme or policy, to hold possession of this territory for one moment beyond the time when its citizens are qualified to receive it, would be no more justifiable than would be the action of a trustee who might appropriate funds of which he was not the beneficiary, but the mere temporary custodian. It insists that the duty of doing prompt and full justice to the people of the Philippines, can be more safely intrusted

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to the Democratic party, which regards our occupation of that territory as a misfortune, rather than to the Republican party which asserts that we are entitled to claim over it a rightful ownership.

Nor, in insisting that we shall thus limit our possession of territory, is the Democratic party called upon to repudiate the doctrine of its founder and to call in question the wisdom of the Louisiana Purchase. For Jefferson, in his correspondence with Madison, maintained that nothing should ever be accepted by us in the way of additional territory, that would require a navy for its defense.

That the Democratic party in all this is sincere, no one can doubt who hears a recitation of what it stands for, and what it stands opposed to, in this campaign. The kind of candidate it has selected is good evidence of its sincerity. He stands for sound learning and was a trained lawyer before he became the accomplished and honored presiding Judge of the Court of Appeals; he has lived true to the ideals and traditions of that court. He is a safe Judge and a safe man. There is no one who has yet had the effrontery to say that any-

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thing but high motives have governed his judicial utterances. He stands as a man for that which makes manhood worth while, for a simple and rugged straightforwardness, for plain living and right thinking. He may not devote much time to exhibitions of the arts of rhetoric or to high-sounding phrases, but it may be that having been fed in this country so much on over-seasoned, spectacular stuff, we are no longer satisfied with the homely fare of simple, forcible statement. If Judge Parker is not strenuous, he is at least of that dignity which will consort well with the administration of the high office for which he is a candidate; and if he does not go about armed to the teeth, we can yet claim that he is "rich in saving common sense."

It is not pessimism but mere prudence for us to see in this country grave problems demanding wise solution.

At one extreme the Republican party, with its erroneous conception that arbitrary power resides and is to be augmented in the national government, is asserting by its acts that this power may be exercised without warrant of law or of the Constitution, provided only it work out

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to our commercial and financial benefit. Allied with the Republican party, concededly are vast, concentrated and powerful commercial and financial interests—not in themselves necessarily of injury to society, but believed by many to contain the source of great possible future peril.

At the other extreme are the dangerous forces which are bred and nourished in unrest and discontent, and whose emancipation from error only education coupled with right example can effect. If the record of the Republican party for the past few years be now indorsed, and if the protest now urged against a course of political conduct which has been opposed to law and constitutional restraint be disregarded, an ominous object-lesson will have been presented to those representing this unrest and discontent. And may not they conclude that there is no good reason why they, too, when the opportunity seems to them ripe, should not resort to any means to accomplish what they regard as a justifiable end, though we know that end to be disaster?

Between these extremes the Democratic party is pointing out the path of safety.

We have boundless territory and great pros-

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perity—and national prosperity, it must be admitted, is essential to the accomplishment of the greatest good. But to attain to this prosperity, we cannot afford to see weakened the foundations upon which our security rests. Already on the subject of slavery this country has been torn asunder by a war in which great blood and treasure were poured out for the maintenance of the Union itself. That our country will survive in all its undiminished vigor, with increasing power for usefulness, should be the conviction of every citizen. But this conviction will become only a hope, and not even a reasonable hope, if we deliberately incur the new perils which a lack of reverence for the Constitution is bound to create.

If, on the other hand, when doubts arise as to our duty as a people, we have ever present in our thoughts the conditions under which republican government here was begun, and have regard for whatsoever things are elevated and uplifting; if we reject utterly as a people the doctrine that expediency furnishes a satisfactory rule for conduct; if we live true to the standards set up for our guidance by the founders of the Republic and keep untiring

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watch over their legacy to us; if we permit no man and no party, whether from good or from evil motives, to filch one farthing of that treasure from us,—then this government must go forward to fresh triumphs, not alone in material advancement but in that which makes for true greatness and for lasting renown.

All this may be scoffed at as preaching “the counsels of perfection”; but, if space permitted, such preaching could be abundantly reinforced by many quotations, not alone from the writings of other authors but from the writings of Mr. Roosevelt himself, who in stirring, eloquent words has taught and advocated much that has not been controlling with him in his public life.

And when such preaching and the practices it enjoins shall be departed from by those holding high places of political trust among us, and the departure be not condemned; and when this preaching and these practices cease to furnish us with our rule for national conduct, we shall show as little solicitude for the best interests of the Republic as we should for our personal safety, if, in embarking on a ship for a long voyage, we threw overboard chart and compass when we dropped the pilot.

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FOR more reasons than one it will be a distinct misfortune, if some lasting educational benefits do not result from the suggestions made by Mr. George Harvey in his recent Bromley lectures delivered at Yale University.

At the close of the first lecture which set forth—with peculiar interest, as the readers of *The North American Review* of last month had the privilege of knowing—his conception of true journalism, there was distributed to the audience a newspaper prepared by Mr. Harvey, as of a given day in February last, and called in courtesy *The Bromley Morning News*. This was termed by him a “sample,” but others, more free to express their opinion, would term it a model of what the daily newspaper might well be.

Though consisting of but four pages, one of

¹ Reprinted from *The North American Review*, May, 1908.

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which was devoted to advertising, it contained timely and thoughtful editorials and comment, together with the current news of the day and matters of interest rearranged to meet the needs of the general reader. It was, in form and substance, a creditable publication of itself and more particularly in what it was intended to typify, and reminded one—by its appearance and seriousness and the absence from its columns of the display of senseless and objectionable items—of the great London dailies. It was pleasing to the eye and to the mind, and through it the reader looked out upon the activities of life and not into its sewers.

The second lecture consisted of a discussion of the considerations which should be controlling in the preparation of such a newspaper as a business enterprise, and of the unique opportunity a similar publication in a University would afford for the training of men in a real school of journalism.

These two features were exhaustively and eloquently presented by Mr. Harvey, and do not need to be reinforced by further reasons or even restated.

Nor is it necessary to elaborate upon the

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obvious field of opportunity, opened to the students who should distinguish themselves as editors of or as contributors to such a journal. For it is clear that long in advance of their graduation, the proprietors of the great daily newspapers would be on the lookout for these men, as additions to their editorial staff. The graduates would not have to seek places; places would seek them, and they would go out from the University, not to prepare for but already equipped for their career. The feasibility of a union between what is academic in the world of letters and practical in the world of affairs would have a new and an impressive object-lesson.

It is intended in what follows rather to consider briefly the general, far-reaching, beneficial influence such a University Journal would have upon the life of our undergraduates.

Already in our larger universities there are maintained publications which are daily newspapers in name, and which are frequently profitable to the students conducting them, though they contain few, if any, general news items. Chronicling, as they do, only the engagements of students in the athletic field and

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in the class-room, they are like the gazette of Oxford that lays no claim to being anything more than what it really is. In a certain sense, therefore, the proposed University Journal would be the outcome or evolution of the present daily.

At the outset it is necessary to recall Mr. Harvey's idea, that for the supervisory heads of such a University Journal, there should be selected an experienced editor-in-chief and a managing-editor, contributing little or nothing but in the main censoring the contributions of the students. With them could be associated a sufficiently large number of student editors, in order that all of the time of any one student need not be taken from his other duties, and that abundant opportunity might also be afforded them to write with care, after suitable reflection. Some students from time to time might be called upon to do reportorial work, though doubtless not a great amount of effort in this direction need be expended. Editors are not necessarily made out of reporters, any more than are good lawyers out of stenographers or even routine clerks.

From the beginning, the students identified

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with the several departments of such a journal, would have before them the conditions essential for all correct composition—something to say, and instruction, constant practice and accordingly experience in the art of saying it. All the details of the well-defined business of journalism would probably not be thoroughly learned in the conduct of a publication maintained by an endowment, but its essential principles could be mastered, and in an atmosphere where it would come to be understood that it is not the sole purpose of a newspaper to make money at all hazards and under all conditions.

If it be said that such a publication would not be profitable in the business sense, the answer is that no department of instruction in a university is even self-supporting. Every undergraduate is in a very practical way a pensioner on the bounty of others. What is paid for his tuition represents little of its real cost, which must be provided for out of the income from funds of the university.

Such a journal would have to depend upon a special endowment, which, if possible, should be sufficient to provide, in time, for a weekly

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periodical having the same relation to the daily newspaper as the *Nation* has to the *Evening Post*, and perhaps for a monthly magazine. The amount of this endowment fund would necessarily be substantial, though doubtless the supervisory editors would be willing to sacrifice a large part of their legitimate income, just as university professors often regard the privilege of their occupation as no inconsiderable part of the compensation for their life-work. And there seems to be no good reason why each student should not be required to be a subscriber to such publications, and thus make an important contribution to their support.

One of two things it is reasonably certain would result. The university in which such a project should be first carried out would have, in its most important department of education, an immeasurable advantage over other universities, or, still better, the example set would of necessity be followed by them.

It may well be, too, that the collateral advantages of such a publication, in teaching the student to think clearly and to use the English language with vigor and grace and precision, and to inculcate in him a true love of literature

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would grow to proportions which would overshadow the advantages of training men in a real school of journalism—important as this at the present day must be admitted to be.

It is idle to deny that among the undergraduates in our institutions of learning, and with us as a people, there is an increasing indifference to the quality of our English speech and writing. The exception is to meet with the student, whose conversation is not made up of about equal parts of inexpressive slang and slovenly English, while the writing of many of our contemporary authors even in what may be termed ambitious work, is as to style often unworthy. We shall have to go far back in the inauguration of our reforms if we are really concerned as to the future well-being of our language, for we have before us no easy task. As Tacitus has said, the pursuit and love of letters are more easily destroyed than revived.

At times it seems as if we no longer held in high regard our legacy of the English language and English literature; and we have lost more by our neglect than we are apt to appreciate. To a large degree, good taste and even conduct

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have been injuriously affected and ideals lost sight of; the beneficial practice of reading aloud has been abandoned, and on and off the stage commendable enunciation of the English language has come to be largely a forgotten art; devotion to literature has become a task, and even the Bible, with all its literary and spiritual inspiration, is a closed and neglected book.

As a substitute for what we have lost we have a smattering of knowledge concerning many subjects, paraded in phraseology having little relation to the language of literature. As a rule, due attention is no longer paid to the use of the most appropriate words and phrases for the presentation and interpretation of ideas. And a certain nervelessness and lack of structure or a hopeless monotone in expression may be said to be the consequence, even when the substance of literary work is not wholly devoid of merit. To apply to many of our contemporary authors what Mr. Arthur Symonds says of some critics, they laboriously hunt for and write round exact words of definition; or, to coin a phrase, we may say the groping style characterizes much of the writing of to-day.

It is unusual to find recent graduates of

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universities, able to write with precision of statement, even when trained for the profession of the law, though this qualification is almost essential to success at the bar. Experience shows that the most elementary instruction in the proper method of presentation of a given subject, is required to be imparted to the young lawyer by the members of the firm with which he becomes associated.

There is no separate chair at Oxford as at our universities for the teaching of English; and yet we have the testimony of President Thwing of the Western Reserve University, and of Mr. Howells and others, that the speech of our undergraduates compares most unfavorably with that of students of the English University, where knowledge of pure English is presupposed in the undergraduate and is a prerequisite of all honors. The influence of the home circle, and the preparatory school, the tone of the Press, the attention paid to correct conversation and the atmosphere of the University, have sufficed to bring about this result without the aid of the special instructor. Even in the preparatory schools of England the use of faulty, ungrammatical English is regarded as

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a badge of vulgarity attributable to low extraction. English is attempted to be taught in our universities—where such elementary instruction is very largely out of place—and the result is indeed deplorable; and more than anywhere else, the use of good English survives in the editorial columns of a few of our leading daily journals.

In an article on "English Style" in the June number of *The North American Review* of last year, it was pointed out that in one of the foremost universities of our country the writing of English is taught out of a book called *English Composition*—of which the professor of English Literature is the author—containing not a few but scores of departures from correct usage and no small number of errors even in grammatical construction. As a text-book it is almost without merit.

Professors of English in our universities are not always experienced authors, or, if so, they make little use of their ability when writing books on English Composition. Frequently they have nothing of moment to say and succeed admirably in saying it. It is pitiful to think of such productions supplanting standard

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works on Rhetoric such as the treatise of Archbishop Whately; though as we must not forget merely the study of even the best books on composition will not make men accomplished writers, any more than will attendance at lectures about colors and brushes make men artists. Generous reading of the best books of literature and constant practice in writing must accompany the proper instruction.

In a thoughtful discussion in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly* of last year on "The Writer and the University" Mr. Walter H. Page writes:

Thus (I hope that I do not write too harsh a judgment) the art of writing well has come to be much neglected in our educational life; its value has come to be misunderstood. It has, to a degree, even come to be despised. So far from being cultivated, except in rudimentary undergraduate work, it is left almost to take care of itself. The result is slovenly expressed erudition. The result is a too low value on good speech or good writing even by the educated class. The result is a great gap between our scholars and the rest of the community. The result is that men of learning do not deliver to the people the knowledge that is gained by science and by historical study. The result is a detachment of our universities from the life of the people, and their loss of control and even of authority over the intellectual life of the nation; for the medium of communication is neglected.

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Mr. Page, for the purpose of correcting the conditions he describes, urges that those proposing to make literature their life-work should have the benefit of professional training in a post-graduate school.

Interesting and novel as is his recommendation, it is difficult to see how such a post-graduate school could be productive of the best results. When it came to putting the idea of Mr. Page into effect, insurmountable difficulties, it is to be feared, would present themselves. Even though efficient instructors could be secured for such a school, the number of young men that could afford to continue their University studies beyond the four years of undergraduate life would doubtless not be large. Then there would arise questions as to the methods to be adopted. What would be written about? To write academically is not to train the mind in the best way possible for appropriate expression. The very thing which as a rule operates to make the composition of the student on a given theme imperfect and unsatisfactory is that his work serves no practical end, and is a mere task without the immediate object-lesson. Even Squeers knew

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some of the correct methods of teaching, and doubtless the boys of his school never forgot their "winder" or their "bottinney"; for, as we recall, the parlor "winder" was invariably washed and the garden weeded by the pupils after their struggle with these words in the spelling class.

Law students that have the advantage of the moot-court come nearer to a practical result than when studying text-books and leading cases; because what they do by way of preparation in brief and argument is preliminary to court work later. The young lawyer, after having become generally familiar as a student with the principles of the law, does more to make his ideas a part of himself by a short time devoted in an actual litigation to the preparation of a brief and by subsequent oral argument, than by much prolonged study. The clinic and hospital experience furnish the true training for the physician. The student that prepares his university essay after the present fashion rarely acquires the degree of confidence essential for acceptable writing. Until this confidence results, the student will probably have a view as to his style, somewhat similar

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to that which, according to George Eliot, Amos Barton entertained as to his oratory: "though he thought himself strong, he did not *feel* himself strong. Nature had given him the opinion, but not the sensation."

Some of the articles appearing in the University Journal might well be the successful result of competition upon a given theme, assigned by the professor of literature after conference with the supervisory editors. Thus at the outset, the student would know that superior work on his part would not merely mean perfunctory or private commendation by the professor. The writing of the theme in the first instance would be a kind of preliminary trial or weeding-out process. Then would come the advice of the editors whose knowledge on the subject would probably be equal if not superior, to that of the professor. As one successful effort followed another, the young man would come to be one of the associate editors, when only a general supervision of his work would be required. Constant rivalry, not only among those who intended to adopt the profession of journalism or even of the law, but generally among the large body of students,

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ought naturally to follow. And it is not difficult to see that amid such surroundings no prizes for popularity would be awarded to students whose conversation was cheap and slipshod and who evinced a contempt for literary aims and pursuits. It might well be that a suitable money return could advantageously be attached to the position of the student editor, as is the case with a fellowship.

By constant practice such as writing for the University Journal would make possible, students would be made to understand that a correct style does not consist in ornamentation or adornment, but in the employment of apt and appropriate words and phrases from an extensive vocabulary and their judicious utilization for the presentation of the varying shades of thought. As a rule, without this experience they will seek to substitute for precise phraseology and for harmony of proportions, a kind of writing fundamentally wrong, but attempted to be made artificially acceptable. Almost invariably we find in association with an unhappy inartistic selection of words, ambitious attempts to write with the aid of metaphors and similes—though the authors fail to distinguish between

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correct and incorrect figures of speech, as readily as they would probably mistake toadstools for mushrooms.

In literary production the transition is treacherously easy from that which might be distinguished by real charm to what is merely commonplace. From Shakespeare down through all the line of gifted authors until we reach Carlyle, little as we may be accustomed to recognize the fact, it is to their choice and marshaling of words, that we are able to trace much of their surpassing excellence. Emerson says we should appreciate in Shakespeare "dexterity in the use of these weapons" much more than we do were it not for the display of his "heroic strength"; but this strength, even in Shakespeare, more often than we suppose, is found solely in this marvelous dexterity—if by dexterity Emerson means unerring precision. We need only open the pages of Shakespeare almost at random to have this truth brought home to us.

We must rid ourselves of the error that there is mere melody or the extravagance of language in such lines as these:

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valor, is not Love a Hercules,

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Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

For no less an authority than Coleridge says
of the whole of Biron's speech in which these
lines occur:

It is logic clothed with rhetoric;—but observe how
Shakespeare in his twofold being of poet and philoso-
pher avails himself of it to convey profound truths
in most lively images.

The craving of Henry the Fourth, for the
sleep given “to the wet sea boy . . . upon the
high and giddy mast” brings home to us more
than do pages of prosaic description, how that
which is possessed by the lowly can be denied
to a king.

Almost with the stroke of a pen Shakespeare
portrays the degradation of Antony who

is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

When Lady Macbeth would compass Dun-
can's murder, her words are those of the human
tigress. The foretelling by Romeo of the com-
ing dawn is no graceful paraphrase of the

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imagery of ancient classic poets, but the marvelously faithful and creative description of genius. Cordelia, with the magic of exact words, puts into a sentence the story of her sisters' infamy in the exposure of Lear to the pitiless storm:

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire.

Unless prepared to say that an engraving is more accurate than a brilliant picture, we ought not to consider that a description of England, as an island of so many acres and so many millions of inhabitants, is as vivid and comprehensive as the portrayal in such lines as these:

England bound in with the triumphant sea
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune.

We do not know *where* England is until we thus know the England of Shakespeare; we do not know *what* England is if unfamiliar with all of the immortal tribute to her greatness by the dying John of Gaunt.

Substitute a book synonym for a single word in the great passages of Shakespeare, and we

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see at a glance how a mere daub or at least an indifferent photograph has replaced the splendor of a picture. His words of precision are words of inspiration and of revelation.

That which is true of Shakespeare is true in lesser degree of the other great authors, and we do not really possess the wealth or have much conception of the beauty of literature until, so to speak, we know such lines by heart.

It is with the nobility and sustained solemn music of language but also with unfailing precision that Carlyle writes of Goethe:

He who would learn to reconcile reverence with clearness; to deny and defy what is False, yet believe and worship what is True; amid raging factions bent on what is either altogether empty or has substance in it only for a day, which stormfully convulse and tear hither and thither a distracted expiring system of society to readjust himself aright; and, working for the world and in the world, keep himself unspotted from the world,—let him look here.

This man, we may say, became morally great, by being in his own age, what in some other ages might have been, a genuine man. His grand excellency was this, that he was genuine. As his primary faculty, the foundation of all others, was Intellect, depth and force of Vision, so his primary virtue was Justice, was the courage to be just. A giant's strength we admired in him; yet, strength ennobled into softest mildness; even like that "silent rock-

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bound strength of a world," on whose bosom, which rests on the adamant, grow flowers. The greatest hearts were also the bravest; fearless, unwearied, peacefully invincible.

From the mouth of Cagliostro we hear the ominous, realistic mutterings of the coming upheaval in the social order of a great nation:

Does the EMPIRE OF IMPOSTURE waver . . . as it rocks and heaves, not in travail throes but in death throes? Yes, Light rays, piercing clear that salute the Heavens; lo, they kindle it. Their starry clearness becomes as red Hell-fire. IMPOSTURE is in flames, Imposture is burnt up, one Red Sea of Fire, wild, billowing, enwraps the world; with its fire-tongue it licks at the very Stars.

If space permitted, similar quotations might, as all lovers of literature know, be indefinitely continued.

Were it not ungracious there might be added as examples of present-day prevalent methods of writing, more than one censurable selection from addresses and essays and even from books by professors of English literature, and by the heads of our more important universities. Clearly we ought not to be able to say this, for there is not much hope of victory if the standard-bearer faints.

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To such a pass of indifference as to literary workmanship have we come, that the following quotation from a reprint by a prominent American publishing-house of the *Thackeray* by Anthony Trollope in the "English Men of Letters" series is permitted to pass unnoticed:

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time—and just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum"—and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of his Maker!

"His Maker" is called upon by the compositor to do service for "the Master," of *Thackeray*, precisely as false and spurious expressions are substituted by many authors of to-day for what is true and genuine.

A faithful study of the use of words by the literary masters is indispensable for acquiring the fundamental principles of correct composition. And when the infinite variety, adaptability and resources of our vocabulary, with the requisitions it has made upon all the great tongues is understood by the experienced writer trained in the right atmosphere, it is

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possible for him, having something to say, to attain to a style which will have precision and strength and grace, and on occasions, great wealth of utterance. Certainly men who drink at such fountains of inspiration will no longer thirst for the ignoble, debasing things in literature, nor will they be satisfied with much that is proffered us by many a prominent author of to-day.

Even though the highest art of expression were not developed in the University Journal, it is quite reasonable to believe that its potent and salutary influence would produce a marked improvement over present humiliating conditions among students and among some professors as well. And, judging from experience, it would be quite unreasonable to expect anything approaching a like benefit from the post-graduate teaching recommended by Mr. Page, or from the adoption of any other expedient yet suggested.

Then again, even this relative advantage of inculcating a correct style in speech and writing is in itself but means to an end. For we may readily believe that the whole atmosphere of the University would be purified and invigorated

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through the wholesome influence of such a publication. And what the accompanying revival of the appreciation and production of literature would mean to young men in their student years, and afterward when they have gone out into the world, is scarcely to be estimated or even conjectured.

Literature of itself, as John Morley says, will not make fine citizens; but the pursuit or even love of it will do more in this country than any other single agency, to fit men to face the solemn responsibilities which are a part of the privilege of citizenship.

The student with muddled thoughts, poor enunciation and feeble expression, is blind and deaf to the finer things of life, and unsuited for the highest enjoyment or service. Give him tasks which have an intimate relation to the true aims of existence, and his intellectual and spiritual horizon will have been appreciably widened. He sees things in their true perspective; and, listening to the music and learning of the mystery of the universe, he looks out upon life from college windows, and readjusts his conception of ambition and purpose for the world of activity he is about to enter. We

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may well believe that a group of such young men going out from our universities, aglow with ardor, would, year by year, recruit the ranks of that righteous remnant in which Matthew Arnold, in company with all thoughtful men, believes is to be found the saving grace of a nation.

In this country more perhaps than in any other land do the ever-thickening problems of existence present themselves. The student, fresh from his peaceful university surroundings, is suddenly to be confronted, among other things, by the poverty and misery of his fellow-men; by crude, ill-considered measures for relief from public ills, and by socialism or anarchy stalking abroad with busy, unruly tongue, and sometimes with knife and bomb when it concludes that the time for talk has gone by. On the other hand, our life of to-day is throbbing with momentous impulses. Not the dogma of the church but its creed of righteousness is being preached among men. The obstructions to the progress of the world, behind which lie entrenched its selfishness and greed and indifference to the needs and even the rights of others, are being carried as in assault

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by a great army of men consecrated at the altars of self-sacrifice, to the regeneration of the thoughts and the hopes and the ideals of mankind. Amid the conflicting forces of such environment, the graduates that are to perform their duty to society, will in large degree find their contribution to be distinguished or ignoble, according as in proficiency to use their mother tongue they are fitted or unfitted for the task. If they are wanting in intellectual vision and in power of expression they cannot hope to assume leadership; on the contrary, they themselves are bound throughout life to be in the ranks and liable to stumble even there.

In a very practical sense and quite apart from ethical considerations, mastery over expression means mastery over men and mastery over opportunity.

Under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, standing aloft amid the ebb and flow of the never-ceasing energy of London, there is a tablet to the glory of Sir Christopher Wren: *Si monumentum requiris circumspice*. A like tribute should be the portion of those who make possible this new creation which, to the imagination of men, will be as a true temple of

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learning, wherefrom will go forth, year by year for all time, the long procession of inspirited youth, disciplined in thought and utterance and quickened in culture, for their service to the world.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE TRUSTS¹

IT is safe to say that the most important contribution yet made to the literature of so-called Trusts has been the series of addresses lately delivered by Mr. Roosevelt. The views of the ordinary citizen on the subject, while they may be interesting, are for the most part academic; the settled convictions of the President of the United States stand for a good deal more.

In the opinion of Mr. Roosevelt, the evil or tendency to evil in Trusts is so evident, that an intervention of the National Government with new authority by means of a sweeping, far-reaching Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, is alone equal to the pressing emergency.

The phraseology of Mr. Roosevelt is as unique as his plan.

¹ Published in *The North American Review* of November, 1904, under the title "Is the Democratic Party Insincere?" and reprinted by the Democratic National Committee and circulated as part of its Presidential campaign literature.

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In Cincinnati, where he delivered his last elaborate address upon the subject, it was said:

The necessary supervision and control, in which I firmly believe as the only method of eliminating the real evils of the Trusts, must come through nicely and cautiously framed legislation, which shall aim in the first place to give definite control to some sovereign over the great corporations.

Then, it is stated, will come the knowledge necessary for action and then the action. And again:

We need additional power and we need knowledge. Our Constitution was framed when the economic conditions were so different that each State could easily be left to handle the corporations within its limits as it saw fit. Nowadays, all the numerous corporations which I am considering do what is really an interstate business, and as the States have proceeded on very different lines in regulating them, they are often organized in a State in which they do little or no business, and do an enormous business in other States contrary to the spirit of whose laws they may be openly antagonistic.

Because there seems to be no prospect of uniform action by the several States toward these corporations it is urged that:

The States must combine to meet the problem caused by the great combinations of capital, and the easiest way for the States to combine is by action through the National Government,

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It is then stated that "a good deal can be done by law." And though there is little or no information as to what it is to be a good deal of—yet a Constitutional Amendment is advocated for procuring, through enforced publicity, the requisite knowledge of the doings of these corporations, and for the promulgation of plans for their regulation.

We are thus brought face to face with a plan startling in its possible consequences. Precedents and traditions—which have become an accepted part of our political institutions, and under which our commercial activities have been developed, until we have come to our existing internal prosperity and to our admitted place in the councils of the world—are to be abandoned in favor of what, it is believed, can be shown to be nothing more nor less than an imprudent and unnecessary experiment. The National Government is not merely to regulate, but, through the coercion of a Constitutional Amendment and of mandatory statutes, is to have an important voice in the origin and development of commerce. The purposes of corporations are to be the subject of national inquiry and supervision and direction; State lines

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are in large part to be obliterated and centralization is at last to be enthroned.

A great step this—backward or forward, as the case may be. We may have come to the necessity for it all; the body politic may be so diseased as to require such heroic treatment, but we shall do well to have it first made abundantly clear to us, that this condition exists and is not merely guessed at.

Within the limits of a magazine article, it is proposed briefly to consider the views of Mr. Roosevelt with all respect, and yet with the feeling that, when he becomes the advocate of such a departure not associated with his executive position, he subjects himself to ordinary comment and criticism.

The Constitutional Amendment and subsequent legislation are not described, except that they are to be “nicely and cautiously framed.” In fact, any knowledge as to what the form of either ought to be is disclaimed, but it is announced that the first aim must be to give definite control to a Sovereign over these corporations. There is, it will be noticed, no hesitation in going to the logical conclusion to which such views lead; and old phrases, long since

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discarded, reappear to do service when centralization in the National Government is aimed at anew.

Again, and with like appropriateness for such a plan, the Constitution is spoken of as having been adopted under conditions where each State could easily be "left to handle the corporations, within its limits, as it sees fit." The idea of a Sovereign power in the United States, dominant in Mr. Roosevelt's mind, must be responsible for this expression. The States were not left by any one to handle the corporations within their limits. The powers of the Federal Government are not those which remain after any transfer to the States of their respective powers. On the contrary, they represent simply the sum total of the concessions from the several States. The States retained what they did not part with. This is not a technical, over-refined distinction. It is fundamental, and on it rests one of the underlying principles of construction of the Constitution. It is for this reason that the Constitution of the United States is looked to as the authority for national legislation, and if it be not found there, the power is denied to Congress. On the other

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hand, a State Constitution is looked to for limitations upon the rights of the legislature. Express language of the Constitution itself has made this abundantly clear. One of its first Amendments—interpreted by the United States Courts not to contain restrictions on the powers of States, but to operate solely upon the powers of the Federal Government—provides that:

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people.

It is announced, too, that this power “was left in the States,” as this could conveniently—or, to use the precise words, easily be done—since, when the Constitution was framed, the economic conditions were “so different.” Though this expression is not quite clear, it is fair to assume that what is meant is, that our commercial relations were then either so insignificant as to be negligible, or that they were deemed to be of such a character, that it was proper to permit the States to exercise the control over corporations now authorized by law.

These views are not correct. The States have

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the power because they chose to retain it, and the economic or commercial conditions then in existence were not only given full consideration, but were regarded as of such vast importance that from them, more than from any other source, came the Constitution itself. So complete was the confusion in those conditions that there were then urgent reasons, wholly lacking now, for surrender to the National Government of the power sought for by Mr. Roosevelt.

The Articles of Confederation ultimately failed of their purpose and were productive of good results only while the people were under arms. Even as the War of the Revolution dragged on, the inherent weakness of the Government came to be more and more apparent. With victory and peace came the realization that the hope of the survival of the Nation lay in some new and additional power in a common head. "A Nation without a National Government," Hamilton had termed the United States under the Articles of Confederation. The inability of the government to impose or collect taxes was serious enough, but the chief defect lay deeper still and is voiced in the call by Virginia for a new compact between the States.

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New York had taxed the products of New Jersey and New Jersey those of New York; Virginia taxed the tobacco of North Carolina. There was serious conflict between the States of Maryland and Virginia, in the navigation of the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay; and the States, according to their whims or supposed interest, had laid imposts upon foreign commerce.

The ever-famous resolution of Virginia, looking to a conference of the representatives of all the States, was the recognition of the hopelessness of the existing confusion. It was the foundation of the movement for the establishment of the Constitution, and it made these commercial interests its very corner-stone. It declared that the purpose was:

To take into consideration the trade of the United States, to examine the relative situations and trade of the said States; to consider how far an uniform system in their commercial relations may be necessary to their common interest and their permanent harmony.

The Constitutional Convention, when convened, adopted as the solution of the difficulty, the provision of the Constitution that Congress shall have power "to regulate commerce with

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foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes.”

Even under the urgent need of a national control over commerce, the provision was adopted without a full realization of what was to be its final judicial construction. The views of the framers of the Constitution, and the first decisions of our inferior courts, all point to a limited construction of this provision, rejected in the great decisions ultimately interpreting it. The States, while intending perhaps to reserve to themselves co-ordinate powers with Congress, had vested in Congress a wider and more complete control of commerce than was ever contemplated. The discussion as to the adoption of the exclusive right to regulate commerce with the Indian tribes, proposed to be reproduced from the Articles of Confederation, leaves no doubt on this point. Nor is there any question that the provision as it now stands would have been essentially modified if the decision of the higher courts could have been read into it as a context.

In Congress alone resides the exclusive power to regulate commerce. In like manner, the true significance of the word “commerce,”

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which at the time of the adoption of the Constitution was popularly supposed to be confined to traffic in commodities, has been enlarged by judicial interpretation until it includes now navigation and communication and intercourse.

Under this Constitutional provision, Congress has passed the Sherman or Anti-Trust Act of 1890, with its sweeping condemnation of all contracts in restraint of inter-state commerce; and the Supreme Court of the United States has left no doubt either as to its constitutionality or its scope. It has been held to reach all contracts in restraint of trade even though slight and reasonable. The Court's view is that the common-law rule making unreasonableness the test of the invalidity of trade restraint, was wholly discarded in the framing of this legislation—with consequences referred to below.

As above quoted it is said:

Supposing it to be true, nowadays, all the numerous corporations which I am considering do what is an inter-state business, and as the States have proceeded on very different lines in regulating them, they are often organized in a State in which they do little or no business, and do an enormous business in other States contrary to the spirit of whose laws they may be openly antagonistic.

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No one need have any solicitude for the States whose policy or whose laws are opposed to the doings of objectionable corporations created by other States. In so far as these corporations are not engaged in inter-state commerce, the right of regulation is in the States. Even where they are engaged in inter-state commerce, each State may for itself determine how far they shall do business by way of having offices, plants and property within its limits. It can deny to them pretty much everything, save the right of soliciting the sale of products and of their subsequent transportation and delivery. Except when, and to the extent that, they are engaged in the exercise of inter-state commerce, corporations of one State may be excluded from doing business within the borders of another State. The State need give no reasons for its action; its power is complete and final. It may act from insufficient reasons yet there is no redress.

All these questions have long since been set at rest by decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

This proposed Constitutional Amendment, wresting from the State the control of its own corporations and the right of exclusion of cor-

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porations of other States, would vest in Congress the substantial control of all commercial interests; for the business of this country is to-day in large part transacted by its large corporations. If there were no other objection to the plan, its abrupt transition would be sufficient to condemn it. But the substance not the form of the change is its chief objection. For no plan could, it is believed, go further than the proposed Amendment to break down State lines, and to deprive vested interests of the security of State refuge, which may be so vital in the future.

"No political dreamer," says Chief-Justice Marshall, "was ever wild enough to think of breaking down the lines which separate the States, and of compounding the people into one common mass." If the time for such political dreaming has come at last, then, when it is too late, there may well be a rude awakening to a more hopeless condition of things, than even the chaos out of which came the order of the Constitution itself.

Not simply conjecture of some evil in some of these corporations, but only the demonstration of evil inherent in all of them, would justify

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overturning the nicely balanced reciprocal National and State authority, now an accepted part of our institutions. It should be resorted to only after every other reasonable device had been tried and discarded. Urgent cases make bad law; but at least the emergency is provided for even though a harmful precedent be established. Here, there is not yet the demonstrated emergency to be dealt with, and the adoption of the proposed plan might work great injury without even the correction of a discovered evil.

Mr. Roosevelt does not attempt to recite any evils against Trusts, but leaves this part of the subject with the simple statement that "the evils attendant upon over-capitalization alone are, in my judgment, sufficient to warrant a closer supervision and control than now exists over the great corporations."

Mr. Knox, also, the Attorney-General of the United States, an accomplished lawyer and the chief legal adviser of the President, in a late speech before the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce, supplementing Mr. Roosevelt's views on the subject, singles out over-capitalization.

Mr. Knox recites various other evils which

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it is impossible to consider within the limits of this article. They may be said to group themselves into two classes: Those in the one class are largely conjectured; and for those in the other class existing laws provide ample redress, or the mere lapse of time should work a solution.

As to over-capitalization, upon which both Mr. Roosevelt and himself fix as the "very head and front of the offending" of these corporations, Mr. Knox says:

Over-capitalization is the chief of these, and the source from which the minor ones flow. It is the possibility of over-capitalization that furnishes the temptations and opportunities for most of the others. Over-capitalization is the imposition upon an undertaking of a liability without a corresponding asset to represent it. Therefore, over-capitalization is a fraud upon those who contribute the real capital either originally or by purchase, and the efforts to realize dividends thereon from operations is a fraudulent imposition of a burden upon the public.

The over-capitalized securities enter into the general budget of the country, are bought and sold, rise and fall, and they fluctuate between wider ranges and are more sensitive in proportion as they are further removed from intrinsic values, and, in short, are liable to be storm-centers of financial disturbances of far-reaching consequence. They also in the same proportion increase the temptation to mismanagement and manipulation by corporate administrators.

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In so far as these alleged evils of over-capitalization have to do with the investor and not the consumer and the general public, it may be said that, if the investor is by misrepresentation misled to his prejudice, existing laws will protect him. In other cases Wall Street can be depended on to take care of itself in such matters; it does not need to have its sagacity supplemented by an Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. A centralized government is bad enough; but a paternal government demanding the aid of a Constitutional Amendment to protect speculators in inflated share capital, would be a rather dangerous and revolutionary substitute for the old-fashioned, salutary doctrine of *caveat emptor*.

That over-capitalization is an evil everyone must admit, but that it increases "the temptation to mismanagement and manipulation by corporate administrators," or that the effort to realize dividends upon over-capitalized shares is the source of great evils, one may well doubt. As a rule the history of corporate mismanagement would not bear out Mr. Knox, and we are dealing with the rule, and not with excep-

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tions, for the remedy proposed is to be general, not specific.

Over-capitalization in most cases contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction. Investors and financial institutions, after a few bitter experiences, are quick to let alone over-capitalized ventures, and the absence of a purchasing public and a diminished credit can be relied upon to cure a great deal of the evil of over-capitalization by making it unprofitable.

Experience indicates that the desire for large earnings is not measured by the size of the capital stock of a corporation. Nor is the view correct that as a rule—and again there should be emphasized the advisability of dealing with the rule and not with the exception—the over-capitalizations of industrial corporations become the “storm-centers of financial disturbances.” Certainly the last three financial disturbances of the country have not been attributed to this cause, nor do we recall any such instance. Financial disturbances arise from a variety of causes: from over-confidence followed by lack of confidence; from excessive speculation in good, bad and indifferent securities, in products, in real estate; and from the neglect on

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the part of the public of ordinary principles of business prudence.

But there is frequently an underlying reason for these recurring disturbances. They are largely brought about because Congress continues to decline to adopt urgently demanded changes in existing provisions as to our currency and our National Bank reserves. If some part of the time spent in trying to catalogue the suspected evils of Trusts were devoted to devising a sane financial policy for our government, and to inculcating among the people the true principles of business prudence, we should be freer from financial disturbances; and such as there might be would not be likely to rise to the dignity of having "storm-centers."

It is an error, too, to suppose that these corporations can profit only by secret methods, and that they are invariably opposed to a reasonable publicity as to their operations and conditions. The fact is that there are several conspicuous examples to the contrary. The United States Steel Corporation since its organization has, without the coercion of law or statute, communicated to its shareholders and the commer-

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cial world all reasonable information as to its earnings and financial condition. In this case, having the knowledge, is there the disclosed evil? If so, is anyone prepared to suggest the remedy to be applied? Is it not fair to assume that other corporations will, of their own accord, follow this example or that either public opinion or Stock Exchanges will exact of them similar frankness?

It is to be borne in mind, too, that the great problem of dealing wisely with these vast aggregations of capital and intelligence—and intelligence constitutes a substantial part of the capital—is not yet understood; that much of evil import which seemed permanent has been found to be temporary, and that much which seemed of moment has become insignificant. Few of these corporations have succeeded in a way to justify the expectations of their promoters or the fears of their critics, and many a one has fallen of its own weight, not because it was too evil but was merely too big. Often has reorganization followed quickly on the heels of organization, and the attempt at an undue control of an industry, through the limitation of the output of a product or the fixing of its price,

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has not merely invited but really spawned, rival enterprises. "*In se magna ruunt*" is the fitting epitaph for many a so-called Trust.

To await a time when developments will have suggested beyond much doubt the best plan to be adopted in dealing comprehensively with the question—meanwhile calling all offending corporations to account for their misconduct—would seem to be the part of wisdom. To apply a remedy before the real trouble is understood is to act unscientifically. Nor is one a good physician to the body politic who has not learned that a disease, if it exist, must be eradicated by a treatment of its source and not of its symptoms. And, as the French cynic declares, there are diseases which all remedies aggravate.

Still, Mr. Roosevelt, having undertaken to deal with this question, may have assumed responsibility for some prompt action; and if the plan suggested by him be abandoned as impracticable, it is believed that another and a better course is possible. The suggestion is made, not because it is believed that the time is yet ripe for the most intelligent action, but

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because as an experiment it is thought preferable to the plan proposed.

Since the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States as to the constitutionality of the Act of Congress, incorporating the Bank of the United States, it is accepted law that Congress can, in aid of governmental functions, create a corporation for the purpose of engaging in foreign or inter-state commerce. Chief-Justice Marshall, in the United States Bank case, rested this power of Congress upon the authority of the Constitution, which, after enumerating specific powers—among others the power to regulate commerce between the States and with foreign countries—empowers Congress “to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers.”

Later expressions of the United States Supreme Court have not departed from this view; they have enlarged it.

It is reasonable to believe that Congress being vested with this power can pass a general Act under which corporations engaged in such commerce may be incorporated. The subject cannot be said to be free from doubt. But

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after a careful review of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, it is fair to conclude that such an Act,—if confined in its purposes to inter-state commerce and its necessary incidents,—could be so drawn as to be constitutional.

Such an Act might require that corporations availing of its privileges should from time to time publish certain information deemed for the public good. Incorporation under such Act would of course be permissive not compulsory. But in consideration of the manifest advantages of incorporation under a National Act, it is probable that new corporations would avail themselves of the benefits, even though with the benefits there were associated the requirements of publicity and perhaps other requirements. Existing corporations even might reincorporate under the Act.

Such an Act, to accomplish its purpose, must be fair and liberal, drawn upon the lines of the most enlightened thought concerning corporations. While it is not necessary that it should go as far in conferring powers as the Companies Acts of England, it should meet the requirements of modern corporate business.

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The State of New York, after a good deal of bitter experience with respect to its corporation act, offers an excellent illustration of the spirit in which Congress must legislate. For many years, there had been upon the statute books of New York State the so-called Manufacturing and Mining Act. By successive amendments it had, in 1890, been brought abreast of the most liberal acts of other States. In 1875 there had been passed another act called the Business Corporation Act. The latter was rarely if ever availed of. It was drawn by a lawyer not engaged in general practice; it was narrow, imperfect, unworkable in its provisions.

In 1890, a revision of the New York Statutes affecting corporations was determined upon, and to that end a Commission was appointed. Unfortunately, the leading spirit on the Commission was a lawyer with little professional experience. He determined, according to his own language, to pattern the new bill after what he called the "latest expression of the legislative will," the Act of 1875; the Manufacturing and Mining Act was repealed and a most objectionable law resulted. Not until

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two years afterward when a Committee of the New York Bar Association was appointed, was any progress made toward re-fashioning the Act.

To this Committee, of which the writer was a member, many amendments were conceded by the Commission and adopted by the Legislature. Other changes were enacted in succeeding years until New York is beginning again to get in part its share of new incorporations, and would get its full share if the tax feature of the Act were appropriately modified. But in the interval New Jersey had profited by the mistakes of New York, and the exodus of corporations from New York State to New Jersey began and has continued ever since.

Such an Act should not be drawn without consultation with practising lawyers, who know the needs of their clients, and who can at least be as much depended upon as the average legislator, to give due heed to the public welfare. Perhaps the appointment by Congress of a Commission for the framing of such legislation might not be inappropriate. On such a Commission, in addition to members of Congress, might be representatives from Chambers of Commerce, practising lawyers, eminent

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judges. It is not impossible that among the representatives of organized labor might be found those able to render valuable public service on such a Commission.

Against corporations organized under such an Act of Congress, the States would be powerless to make any injurious regulation, and the right of a State to prohibit such corporations from doing business within its borders could be distinctly limited.

Not only could such restrictive State statutes, in large part, be made nugatory, but it is reasonable to suppose that the broadest comity of the States would be expressed toward corporations organized under a national Act.

The United States Courts could be given jurisdiction of all actions by and against such corporations, and, as occasions arose, their reorganization could more easily be effected, for only United States Courts are fitted by wide experience and the effectiveness of their decrees to deal with such an emergency.

Uniform taxation could be provided for.

There could be uniformity, too, of liability of directors, capable of being enforced by prompt and well-defined procedure.

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The securities of such corporations might well furnish a more attractive investment to the public than the securities of State corporations. And the more general such investment should become, the closer would be the relations of producer and consumer, and the less the likelihood of hostility between them.

Though by no means all, these are among the results to be looked for from a judicious Act of Congress. Assuming that it would be availed of by men having in hand large commercial enterprises—and this assumption is quite as reasonable as that a Constitutional Amendment of the kind proposed, would have the desired effect—then we should secure publicity, which seems to be the chief object of the Constitutional Amendment. And we should secure a good deal besides.

The whole theory of our nicely balanced control of State and inter-state commerce ought, with the exercise of only reasonable comity by the States, to be worked out in practice under such an Act, not by sweeping changes or at best by doubtful expedients, but by a defensible experiment in conformity with the Consti-

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tution. Lastly the result would come without coercion.

We are not without experience as to the choice of methods in such matters.

In the recent anthracite-coal strike, the right of coercion against the coal operators was doubtful, although it was claimed they represented a so-called Trust. At best coercion meant delay, the suffering of rich and poor, and no end of conflict between labor and capital. Mr. Roosevelt brought about a peaceable and prompt adjustment of a momentous situation and received the acclamations of a grateful people. He was in truth a *Deus ex machina*. He can gain like credit now in the case of the Trusts by a solution less dramatic, though it may at least be equally efficacious. In fact, there are many men standing for the best citizenship who, while hoping that the action taken in this great emergency will not be productive of evil consequences, hope too that it will not operate to establish any unwise precedent. For they believe that any intervention was inadvisable, when the reign of law was challenged by public disorder and by bloodshed; and that a winter's comfort may have been dearly bought

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at the price of a compromise with labor defiant, mutinous and under arms.

The experiment suggested is a simple one, but such experiments ought to be simple. Important changes in our organic law which dates from the foundation of the Republic should come by growth, and not by abrupt creation. Compared with the plan of a Constitutional Amendment, it is a coastwise passage—perhaps a millpond sail—as against the crossing of an ocean. But voyages on the great deep require much preparation and wide experience. The prerequisite knowledge to deal intelligently with this question is very largely lacking, according to Mr. Roosevelt's own admission. If so, let the modest effort be made; the more hazardous voyage may never be necessary.

We have had not long since a striking example of the need of great deliberation in dealing with the question of any new regulation of these corporations. We understand vaguely what is colloquially meant by "community of interest" in railroad circles, and we know that, from the North to the Gulf, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Lakes and to the Pacific coast, lines of railroad, through merger or substantial union,

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are linked together into great railroad systems. The existing condition, in more than one significant instance, is directly traceable to the interpretation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

If the decision in the United States Courts in the *Trans-Missouri* and *Passenger Traffic* cases had been that only unreasonable contracts in restraint of trade were in violation of the Act, does anyone for a moment think that these corporations would have fled as a refuge against unwise legislation to authorized mergers?

The transportation problem of this country has thus suddenly come to gigantic proportions. And, without wishing to be understood as predicting evil consequences from these conditions, it must be borne in mind that great common carriers, with their accompanying franchises, are to be regarded quite otherwise than are mere trading or manufacturing corporations, however great. Moreover, and this partakes almost of the ludicrous, while the history of the Act indicates clearly that it was intended to apply merely to so-called Trusts and not to transportation companies, it has been held to apply to contracts in restraint of trade, however reasonable, between transportation com-

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panies, and not to reach the operations of a so-called Trust, even though seeking to monopolize the output of a special product.

The Attorney-General of the United States, Mr. Knox, is not slothful in the pursuit of these great corporations; yet he is pleading for what is the opposite of the effect of the decisions under the Sherman Act. In his Pittsburg speech he said:

A law regulating inter-state commerce for its protection against restraint, so broad as to cover all persons whose business is conducted under agreements which are in any way or to any extent in restraint of trade, might exclude thousands of small concerns conducting industries in the State from marketing their products in others; but a law which only covers contracts and combinations in restraint of trade, as defined by the common law, would exclude all hurtful combinations and conspiracies. Congress can, if it sees fit, adopt the scheme of that law.

In the enforcement of such law, each case as it arose would be considered upon its own facts, and the rule of guidance would be as laid down by the Supreme Court of the United States—that is, public welfare is first considered, and if it be not involved and the restraint upon one party is not greater than protection to the other party requires, the contract may be sustained. The question is whether, under the particular circumstances of the case, and the nature of the particular contract involved in it, the contract is or is not reasonable.

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No one could make wiser suggestions on the subject, and it would seem clear that the Republican party, in so far as Mr. Knox represents it, is prepared without any great display of repentance to lead a new statutory life.

Yet considering some of the results brought about by existing legislation, his plea is, to use a homely illustration, somewhat like "locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen." Whatever else may be said of his view, it is virtually a concession that the Sherman Act was drawn upon a wrong principle. Clearly, if there is to be further action in the matter, it should be with the caution born of previous error.

Hasty action toward large corporations has proceeded on the theory that capital employed in industry is seeking temporary advantage by evading the mandate of some rule of right conduct. Yet in the main the effort has been to build great and permanent enterprises within the shelter of reasonable laws. Such action has proceeded on the theory, too, that all large corporations were guilty of the offenses laid at the door of only a few, without recognition of the fact that by such confusion of thought

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all industry might be injuriously affected. To use the felicitous illustration of Mr. Secretary Root, these offending corporations are mere weeds in the garden of prosperity, and are to be gotten rid of only by patience and discrimination and not by a destruction of the garden itself.

Large corporations ought not to be free from governmental regulations, but the regulations must, to be framed intelligently and wisely, be framed deliberately. Any other course is of no effect or of evil effect. If there are to be new regulations, then they must be reasonable in the light of past experience; they must be framed to correct abuses where they appear, not where they are conjectured; they must be directed against evil-doers, not against all organized industry; they must not arraign all corporations under indictments without counts. Above all, they must be founded not on the dictates of political expediency, but on the accepted principles of political economy.

These corporations may reach out for great gain; but philanthropy is not a corporate object, and it is altogether fanciful to seek the adoption of any Utopian plan, whereby busi-

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ness men for business acts are to be tried in a Court of Conscience. Evil conduct in corporations or individuals may properly enough be legislated against, but keen rivalry and the legitimate effort to secure large return on invested capital are not to be confused with evil conduct.

A former Lord Chief Justice of England, knowing men and the world as he knew law, once said, in a well-known case, when deciding a question growing out of the selfish rivalry of a great corporation whose practices were not altogether to be commended:

It must be remembered that all trade is and must be in a sense selfish; trade not being infinite, nay, the trade of a particular place or district being possibly very limited, what one man gains another loses. In the hand-to-hand war of commerce, as in the conflicts of public life, whether at the bar, in Parliament, in medicine, in engineering (I give examples only), men fight on without much thought of others, except a desire to excel or to defeat them. Very lofty minds, like Sir Philip Sidney, with his cup of water, will not stoop to take an advantage, if they think another wants it more. Our age, in spite of high authority to the contrary, is not without its Sir Philip Sidneys; but these are counsels of perfection which it would be silly indeed to make the measure of the rough business of the world as pursued by ordinary men of business.

Special care is desirable just now in legislating as to these great corporations grouped

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under the name of Trusts, for they stand not only as exponents of our prosperity at home and abroad, but as its sponsors as well. They are not only national but international enterprises. The scarecrow "Made in Germany" has been replaced by a real man in the field, wherever these corporations are supplanting or diminishing the trade of other nations. To-day we have a great place in the councils of the world, not so much because of our new possessions or of our new navy, but because we have pushed our commercial interests to the very ends of the earth. The agency has been the much-denounced Trust. And it is of the first importance that the efficiency of the agent be not unwisely and unnecessarily impaired.

It remains to add only one suggestion.

The problems which the vast accumulations of wealth and power of these great corporations bring in their train are yet unsolved. Great and enduring renown will be the award of him who does solve them, for he will have gone far in solving the problem of labor and capital. The President of the United States, in his high position and with the esteem of a whole people is earnestly trying to solve them, and

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in this work he is entitled to the co-operation of his fellow-citizens. To that end, in the hope of suggesting one reasonable way of going about the work, this article has been written.

Reasonableness is the prerequisite of any plan looking toward a closer relation between the interests of capital and labor of this land, of the producer and consumer, of the rich and the poor. It will not come in our day or ever through the coercion of Constitutional Amendments which undermine cherished traditions of State and National authority, or through mandatory statutes enacted in a spirit of hostility toward capital invested in industry.

It will not come through coercion at all. For this closer relation we must look to the development between the two interests of a wider charity, which shall derive its sustenance and its inspiration from humanizing influences, from high purposes and from all else that is making for the enlightened progress of the world.

To be given the opportunity which Mr. Roosevelt now has to contribute toward such a result is nothing less than a splendid privilege.

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MORE and more it is apparent that recognition of the importance of the great contribution of Matthew Arnold to English literature is steadily increasing, not alone with distinguished critics but with the cultivated, intelligent reading public. His hope has been realized that he might become popular as Wordsworth is popular.

While it is safe therefore to believe that, so far as one can foresee, the fame of Arnold is now secure, we shall not have discharged our debt of gratitude to him until he occupies even a still higher place than that yet assigned him in the world of letters. This justice will be done to his memory, as it will be to that of other modern authors, when the effort is not so much to measure their work by the standard of a perfunctory criticism, as to seek to appraise the far-reaching significance of their message. So too there will be a revival of the

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study of the ancient classics, when a true understanding of their literature shall have ceased to be subordinated in importance to the mastery of their rules of grammar and syntax.

It may not be justifiable to claim that he is to be numbered among the few greatest English poets, or that he is to be ranked above other English prose authors whose writings have made intellectual epochs; or that there have not been more distinguished ethical teachers, or even that he is to be considered as our first critic. Yet having regard to his general excellence the English authors are not many that will bear comparison with Matthew Arnold.

Not only has he enriched our literature by noble poems, but in a style of peculiar grace and power he has defined, as few if any have ever done, the critical methods by which we are to measure literary merit. He has fixed new standards not so much for intellectual culture which, as Froude says, does not touch the conscience but for that broader culture which to Arnold was in large part synonymous with conduct. He has sought to reconcile true faith with reason and criticism and thus to enlarge our religious and spiritual horizon; while from

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the storehouse of his wisdom he has to all people, and more particularly to us in America, given counsel and warning which must be heeded unless we are content to falter in the highest advancement.

In his American lectures Tyndall used this illustration as to Thomas Young, whose discovery of the undulatory theory supplanted Newton's emission theory of light.

The founder of this great theory was Thomas Young, a name perhaps, unfamiliar to many of you. Permit me, by a kind of geometrical construction which I once employed in London, to give you a notion of the magnitude of this man. Let Newton stand erect in his age, and Young in his. Draw a straight line from Newton to Young, which shall form a tangent to the heads of both. This line would slope downward from Newton to Young, because Newton was certainly the taller man of the two. But the slope would not be steep, for the difference of stature was not excessive. The line would form what engineers call a gentle gradient from Newton to Young. Place underneath this line the biggest man born in the interval between both. He would not, in my opinion, reach the line; for if he did he would be taller intellectually than Young, and there was, I believe, none taller.

Surely it will profit us to spend a few hours out of our strenuous, exacting lives, in recalling Arnold's achievement, and thus be able to realize how few would reach such a line

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drawn between him and the greatest in English literature.

For such a purpose little need be said of his life except that heredity and environment had their respective shares in his accomplishment. Born in the early part of the last century, he was the son of a famous teacher of youth whose example of sacrifice and devotion to work was often sustenance and encouragement to him amid disheartening experiences; his mother was a woman whose spiritual and intellectual gifts are apparent from the many letters he wrote for her sympathetic eye; he was educated at Rugby and Oxford; he led an uneventful scholar's life, and for years only two kindred spirits, Browning and Swinburne and later Froude understood the significance of his message; he toiled on under a lack of popular recognition so pronounced that temporarily he recalled from circulation some of his best poetic work; he had insufficient opportunity for leisure and reflection; and though to those who knew him well he was a cheerful companion, recreation was not an ordinary incident but rather an event of his life.

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The exacting conditions under which Arnold worked increase the obligation owed by the world to a great author; for the depressing routine of a School Inspectorship denied him often opportunity and even inclination not only for the production but for the appreciation of literature. Among many like statements, one reads in his Letters the pitiful detail of it all:

I had a hard day: thirty pupils to examine in an inconvenient room. Nothing to eat except a biscuit which a charitable lady gave me.

I have been here since Monday at Lincoln, *hard worked, but subsisting on the Cathedral*. I got here a little before two; had a sandwich, and then went to school. I don't know why, but I certainly find inspecting peculiarly oppressive just now; but I must tackle to, as it would not do to let this feeling get too strong.

All this afternoon I have been haunted by a vision of living with you at Berne, on a diplomatic appointment, and how different that would be from this incessant grind in the school.

This is my last chance. It is not a bad ten years of one's life for poetry if one resolutely uses it, but it is a time in which, if one does not use it, one dries up and becomes prosaic altogether.

I am now at the work I dislike most in the world—looking over and marking examination papers.

I must get through in the week now beginning; but it is difficult now, I have a school every day.

Here is my programme for this afternoon: Avalanches—The Steam Engine—The Thames—India

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Rubber—Bricks—The Battle of Poitiers—Subtraction—The Reindeer—The Gunpowder Plot—The Oridan, alluring, is it not? Twenty minutes each and the days of one's life are only threescore years and ten.

If we inadvertently neglect to give due weight to his life purpose, we may regard it as remarkable that an author amid such disadvantages should have been able to make a substantial contribution to literature, and little short of marvelous that he should have produced what entitles him to a commanding place among English classics.

In saying this it is not meant that drudgery is not at times intimately associated with superior literary production. Trollope tells us in his Autobiography that he assigned himself a daily task without awaiting anything like inspiration. To do otherwise was, to use his own words, not "more absurd than if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting." . . . "I was once told" he adds, "that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I certainly believe in the cobbler's wax much more than the inspiration." Earthy enough

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though this view may seem, yet Trollope, by persistent adherence to it, was enabled to make authorship and not something else the main occupation of his life, and to write novels which are entitled to no mean rank in English fiction. It is perhaps fortunate that leisure to write under such conditions was not the lot or the choice of Arnold.

Just what authors might have written, with an environment other than that which surrounded them, has been a favorite topic with some critics. But whether we should have the masterpieces of Coleridge, if he had not been "wrecked in the mists of opium"; whether Byron or Poe, if fashioned in the stereotyped mold of men, would have left to posterity greater literary legacies, is at best mere conjecture. Brunetière, a very sane critic, insists that to the proddings of financial necessity we owe much of the finest work of Balzac. With Balzac, however, and as a rule with the others, their experiences in life became intimately identified with their literary work and gave to it a distinctive coloring. The experience even of Milton was no exception to this rule. During the score of years when his creative literary

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labors were interrupted, he was—by the authorship of his historic pamphlets and by his devotion to great affairs of state—so perfecting his mental vision and power of expression that, even when blinded by disease, he was fitted for the composition of the Epic which was to ensure him immortality.

Arnold's experience had no such stimulating result, and as might easily have been predicted, long before he had reached middle life his poetic creation was substantially at an end. There are some natures so methodical of habit though inferior in attainment that might not have been thus affected. He was of another stuff, and of such sensitiveness of literary spirit that, as Mr. Murray says, he was moved almost to tears when "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" was offered as a paraphrase of "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" To such a nature a School Inspectorship for more than a generation covering the very prime of life, must have been the grave of much inspiration. He himself realized the injurious consequences upon his creative work, for more than once he refers to Goethe's impressive expression that we are all under the bondage of the com-

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monplace. To produce the best that was in him was "no light matter with an existence so hampered" and

to attain or approach perfection in the region of thought and feeling and to write this with perfection of form demands not merely an effort and a labour, but an actual tearing of one's self to pieces which one does not readily consent (although one is sometimes forced to it) unless one can devote one's whole life to poetry.

Accordingly it occasions no surprise to us, when he regretfully reminds his correspondent that the leisure he lacked was enjoyed by Wordsworth and Shelley and Byron and Tennyson.

While, therefore, it is reasonably certain that his occupation operated to limit the amount of his creative work, and gave a dominant note of sadness and resignation to much of his poetry, it is by no means clear that it detracted from the quality of his other writings. On the contrary, it may well be that to the high sense of duty indicated by his unswerving and conscientious devotion to irksome tasks, is to be attributed a goodly part of his finest prose production. He at least seemed to think so.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides,

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The spirit floweth and is still
In mystery our soul abides;
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

Under all these conditions ordinarily regarded as limitations upon worthy literary production, Arnold remained true to his ideals; for he had at the outset made part of himself the underlying principles of his great art. Preparation for his message to the world was not made over-night, and we have therefore the light and not the odor of the lamp.

Discussing first Arnold's claim to distinction by reason of his critical writings—because they serve to interpret his creative work and enable us to appreciate better his consistent unity of purpose—we are safe in saying that he stands at least alongside the first English critics. In its substance what he had to say represents a new departure in criticism, and considered in connection with its style it is classic. The view of Hazlitt that the prose of the poet lacks vigor and interest, and the cynicism of Disraeli—said with various variations both before and after him—that the critic is one who has failed in literature, finds no support in Arnold's writings.

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From the beginning to the end of the two series of *Essays in Criticism*, the reader knows that it was no exaggeration which pronounced them an intellectual event. Rather do they furnish evidence of the truth of the assertion of Dryden that poets are the "most proper critics." When, too, we recall the contribution not only of Dryden but of Wordsworth and Coleridge to criticism, the cynicism referred to like most cynicisms is at best trivial.

Unfortunately we do not always appraise at its true value a masterly treatise on criticism, written in a style which may well serve as a model. Much more than we are inclined to think do infelicity and inaccuracy of expression, if persisted in, produce ultimately, mental confusion. On the other hand, clearness of thought and precision of statement are among the substantial aids to intellectual honesty; nor are they widely separated from right conduct, for between them there is a close relation and resemblance, approaching even to identity.

Too frequently in much of the work of authors both here and in England, we tolerate the absence of anything approaching style, even with those who assert the right to impart

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instruction in the art of writing. The work of so well known a scholar as Dean Alford, entitled *The Queen's English*, became almost a by-word among scholars after it had been rather mercilessly reviewed by Mr. Moon in *The Dean's English*, itself a masterpiece of criticism. The best History of Criticism in our language furnishes an example of that tolerance. To point out its infelicities of style, we do not need to compare it with the works of those whom we have been taught to regard as our representative prose authors. Even the style of Huxley and Tyndall, though they wrote upon subjects in which literary form is not of first importance, is immeasurably superior to it. Herbert Spencer, with all his earthy views concerning culture, has written an article on style which might well be commended to many contemporary authors. Sentence after sentence in this History of Criticism is confused and involved and frequently the meaning can only be guessed at. Again and again there is what one is quite justified in terming a lack of seriousness in expression, with no end of an ostentatious parade of foreign words and phrases where the English equivalent is quite

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obvious and more appropriate. One is entitled to be justly irritated that such a work should fall short of what might have been its accomplishment, for there is a peculiar impropriety in an author, himself thus censurable, sitting in judgment upon literary excellence in others.

+ No other English author can have a more wholesome and potent influence than Arnold, in making us intolerant of such a grievous transgression as lack of style in our writers, which is often the surest test whereby we can distinguish between what is counterfeit and what is genuine in the substance of literary work.

The familiar, exquisite words from the Preface of the First Series of the *Essays in Criticism*,—with their solicitude that Oxford forgive him if he had “unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son,”—add to all the glories of Oxford the new glory of this beautiful tribute:

No, we are all seekers still! Seekers often make mistakes, and I wish mine to redound to my discredit only, and not to touch Oxford. Beautiful City! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene.

There are our young barbarians at play!

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And yet steeped in sentiment as she lies spreading her gardens to the moonlight and whispering from her towers the last enchantment of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford by her ineffable charm keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side; nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen.

It is a fitting introduction to Arnold's consideration of the principles of criticism, for according to him the end and aim of poetry—which he deemed the highest expression of the best literature—was but a criticism of life. Critical works are not as a rule long-lived, for frequently each age insists upon its own standards, but there is every indication that the creative features of his *Essays in Criticism* will preserve them from neglect. For they are not merely the whetstone for sharpening the steel, that Horace termed the office of criticism, but also the steel itself.

Briefly and largely in his own language, the following may be said to be an outline of Arnold's critical views.

After a reference to the meagerness of the higher criticism in English literature and to the objection that he had exaggerated its far-reaching importance, the opening chapter in-

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sists that criticism must be pure and unselfish, patiently and confidently awaiting the result of the lessons taught, without undue concern for an immediate utility. In intellectual conception the world of ideas and the world of activity must ever lie apart, the practical and the polemical being minimized and the spiritual and the creative made commanding. What he termed keeping aloof from the practical view was, however, simply a plea for disinterestedness and independence, and not for an unattainable idealism. He was protesting primarily against the English magazines, which to him were frequently the mouthpiece of men having political and, in a sense, personal interests to subserve. He was no believer in any crude doctrine of the pragmatic, cash value of ideas, and even some of the terminology of the new philosophy would have shocked him. Like honesty, literature or knowledge was to be prized for itself rather than for any ulterior end. The appreciation was the end until by the processes of time it was merged into the application. Thus removed from the region of controversy, criticism had a great spiritual mission which was to at-

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tain to culture, to ideals and to conduct. The creative faculty must enter into the critical faculty or criticism would not reach its true goal and full development. Although the creative is above the critical, yet the former has at times ample opportunity for employment in the field of criticism; while in enduring creative work the critical faculty as an essential element, would at times take the place of creative activity.

In his view the production of the modern poet is not lasting if divorced from learning and an intimate knowledge of life and the world, for which the intellectual environment of the ancient poets was a substantial substitute. To Arnold this knowledge was, in the words which he adopts from Aristotle, truth and seriousness. The impetus which was to produce permanent literature was to proceed not alone from the feeling but from the mind as well. Both must concur in that combination of the critical and the creative faculties essential to the highest achievement. Criticism, must be "sincere, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge. . . . Then it may have in no contemptible measure a joy-

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ful sense of creative activity, a sense which a man of insight and conscience will prefer to what he might derive from a poor, starved, fragmentary, inadequate creation. And at some epochs no other creation is possible." . . .

The Epochs of Æschylus and Shakespeare make us feel their pre-eminence. In an epoch like those is no doubt the true life of literature; there is the promised land towards which criticism can only beckon.

That promised land it will not be ours to enter, and we shall die in the wilderness; but to have desired to enter it, to have saluted it from afar, is already, perhaps, the best distinction among contemporaries. It will certainly be the best title to esteem with posterity.

He insists with Cicero that order and good taste in word and act have a well-defined relation to intellectual as well as to moral considerations, to which they are primarily applicable. And he indorses Sainte-Beuve's view that there is a conscience in things intellectual as in things moral. He then sets forth the difference between energy and honesty which he terms the chief characteristics of the English people, and the quickness of mind and flexibility of intelligence of the Athenian and the French.

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In those traits he finds our intolerance of a supervisory body like the French Academy of which he gives a most interesting sketch, aptly styling it a High Court of Letters. Though conceding that its usefulness is not of controlling importance—in those great epochs in which no recognized standard can have a determining influence—he regards it as essential in normal times, when the creative faculty is at low ebb and when, particularly for prose writings, some such accepted authority is desirable. He illustrates this view by a comparison between the model prose writings of the French and the easy-going, haphazard, faulty style and construction of many modern English authors; and he refers again to these shortcomings in his essays on *Culture and Anarchy*.

In the "Study of Poetry," he gives it as his opinion that there had been a failure to assign a proper place to true poetry, which to him meant the "breath and finer spirit of knowledge," "thought and art in one, partaking in nothing of charlatanism," and "which was nothing less than the perfect speech of man, wherein he comes nearest to being able to utter the truth." This failure had resulted be-

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cause the historical element in association with the development of a nation's language, or a personal liking, tradition or superstition had been too controlling in our judgment of poetic merit. If we measure that merit by the tests of truth and seriousness, "Currency and supremacy are assured to it, not indeed by the world's deliberate and conscious choice, but by something far deeper—by the instinct of self-preservation in humanity." We are to be independent in our judgment and not controlled or even seriously influenced by indefensible tradition. "If he is a dubious classic let us sift him; if he is a false classic let us explode him." But this process must be neither arbitrary nor capricious, or the expression of personal preference alone would result. The poetic theme, its elevation and truth and its relative treatment—all must be taken into consideration as of primary importance. In order that the judgment thus arrived at be correct as well as independent, resort must be had by way of comparison, to those great poets whose well-nigh universal excellence is generally conceded. To the end that this comparison be simply but effectively

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made, we are to have in mind the lines of great poets as "touchstones," not merely for searching out similarity in other poets but as a basis for independent conclusions. Using this test along with other aids Arnold declines to regard Chaucer as a great classic, though believing that with him true English poetry was born. Nor does he consider that Dryden or Pope or Burns attained to the first rank of poets, but to Gray with all Gray's paucity of production he assigns that place of honor.

In Arnold's two volumes of criticism and elsewhere in his prose works, are collected essays—devoted in large part to the application of these critical views. Though he has been censured for giving in his essays too much space and credit to several foreign prose authors,—who it is claimed are not entitled to the praise awarded them,—we must bear in mind always that they wrote much of conduct, with which in his opinion the best prose literature is closely allied. There is little in his works that will better repay reading and study, than the views concerning those prose authors who loved and searched

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for the light of truth as a guide. If he errs at all it is on the side of conceding too much to them merely by reason of their ethical superiority, though they were lacking in the creative ability so strongly developed in himself. From his point of view, ample justification for his estimate of these authors is found in the volumes of his published letters.

Such a passing reference to these essays is as inadequate to convey anything approaching a correct idea of their importance, as is an index to suggest the merit of a worthy volume; or as is the first outline of a great picture to give promise of the fine horizons, the splendid coloring and atmosphere, which are to make the canvas famous. The essays tell not only of Arnold's love but his passion for truth and candor. There had been distinguished critics before him and in matters of brilliancy some of these surpassed him, but it was in brilliancy alone. They gave us important considerations for our guidance but it was reserved for Arnold to codify the rules of criticism, and in many particulars to rewrite the code with new provisions now generally accepted as fundamental. He did more than this.

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Out of a Babel of sounds there came forth from him an authoritative voice which needed no interpreter. He established the lines along which progress in literary accomplishment and appreciation must run. He set up no arbitrary or capricious despotism in letters, but a new order and reign of law based on fundamental organic considerations. It can be added that where he himself erred in judgment—as by common consent he did err—the failure is often traceable to a disregard of his own rules. Arnold was the creative critic hoped for by Coleridge, that should point out and exemplify as well the great underlying principles upon which poetry rests.

If one wishes to have an instructive comparison between Arnold and other distinguished critics, it is only necessary to contrast Arnold's essay on Wordsworth with the essay on Wordsworth written by Pater in his best style, and the brief and more colloquial views of Hazlitt. In vigor and grace of utterance each author is far below Arnold, though Pater and Hazlitt maintained their customary excellence and were moreover discussing matters in their peculiar province of critical literature. Arnold,

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as is true of neither of the others, has not only left us brilliant critical essays but has enriched our literature by poetical creations which are as enduring as the English language itself.

Mr. Herbert Paul has claimed that Arnold is unjust to Keats, but, so far as one can judge, he bases this statement on an error of quotation by Arnold from one of Keats's sonnets. No one can fairly dissent from the view of Arnold that the production of Keats was "partial and incomplete." He died at an age when other poets had scarcely begun to write, but he was as Arnold says a great spirit, of a kinship and rank with Shakespeare. "No one else in English poetry save Shakespeare has in expression quite the felicity of Keats, his perfection of loveliness." "I think," had said Keats, "I shall be among the English poets after my death"; and Arnold adds "He is; he is with Shakespeare." In another place he says: "Keats had probably indeed a more consummate gift than either Wordsworth or Byron." It is difficult, one would be inclined to think, to pronounce a judgment less open to cavil by the most ardent admirer of Keats; for if the judgment be un-

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sound it lies in awarding him too great and not too little praise.

Excluding out of courtesy the living poets and Goethe as beyond comparative estimate, and excluding also Molière, Arnold maintained that of modern poets, Wordsworth was to be ranked next to Shakespeare and Milton. He found Byron's work lacking in knowledge and "empty of matter," and much of that work not belonging in such a category must have been repulsive to him. He had no liking for what he termed seduction dramas, and this fact told against his full enjoyment even of "Faust." Yet he appreciated Byron for the cardinal virtues of "truth and seriousness," and he put him high in the honor roll of English poets, in a class following immediately that to which belong only Shakespeare and Milton. In the Memorial verses to the memory of Wordsworth, beginning "Goethe in Weimar sleeps," he distinguishes between his regard for Byron and Wordsworth. For while Byron commanded his admiration, Wordsworth secured his reverence.

It is difficult to account for Arnold's lack of appreciation of Shelley. The reason assigned

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by some that Arnold lacked a musical ear, does not seem convincing, because the author of "Requiescat," "The Palladium," and "The Forsaken Merman," wrote with all the fascination of graceful rhythm. Perhaps it may have been because so much of Shelley's production was hasty and unfinished; since aside from "Adonais" and a few other poems he seemed to have as little concern for the future of his work as does the blacksmith for that which is first hammered out at the anvil. The better explanation or perhaps the better excuse is, that Arnold's views were too much colored by the mess which Shelley made of his life. It is at the end of what practically is a biographical essay that there appear the words: "And in poetry no less than in life Shelley is a 'beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his harmonious wings in vain.'" Yet whatever may have operated to influence his conclusions as to Shelley the judgment must be regarded as clearly erroneous. Shelley was not a 'beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his harmonious wings in vain.' On the contrary it is now agreed that often Shelley rose on strong, buoyant, tireless wings to great

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heights above which only Shakespeare rose, and that in exquisite beauty of form and in wondrous imagery of the fancy and the imagination, the accomplishment of Shelley is one of the chief glories of English poetry.

The failure also of Arnold to appreciate Tennyson—who he admitted had more poetic sentiment than he himself possessed—though more defensible perhaps than his treatment of Shelley, must always remain a mystery. In natural power he justly puts him below not only Wordsworth and Byron, but below even Shelley. “Tennyson was not,” he claimed, “a great and powerful spirit in any line—as Goethe was in the line of modern thought, Wordsworth in that of contemplation, or Byron in that of passion.” It is true, his views as to Tennyson were more an off-hand expression of judgment, than was his deliberate conclusion as to Shelley. But commonplace as was much of Tennyson’s work, it is doubtful if anyone will ever be able to understand why it was that the variety and wealth of poetry which lie between such a poem as the Ode to the “Duke of Wellington” and “In Memoriam” did not awaken Arnold’s admiration.

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It will remain, in some respects, a like mystery that Arnold—with all his poetic spirit, and his sensitiveness to the grace and music of meter, which he appreciated so much in others and exemplified so often in his own work—should over and over again have permitted the beauty of much of his finest poetry to be marred by halting verse, when the transition to appropriate expression is in almost every instance quite obvious.

Of all that Arnold has given to our literature his poems will rank first. They do not in all respects conform to the requirement of Milton that poetry must be simple, sensuous or impassioned, nor to that of Poe, that poetry is "the rhythmic creation of the beautiful." These views must not be regarded as exhaustive, for otherwise, by their own definitions, much of the work both of Milton and of Poe would be excluded from classification as poetry. The authority of Poe on the subject is not entitled to great weight, genius though he was. Nor is Milton an altogether safe guide, for some of his own best poems in rhyme present a forcible answer to the injustice of his disparagement of all but blank verse in poetry.

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For Byron says with much truth:

Blank verse, which, unless in the drama, no one except Milton ever wrote who could rhyme, became the order of the day—or else such rhyme as looked still blander than the verse without it. I am aware that Johnson has said, after some hesitation, that he could not “prevail upon himself to wish that Milton had been a rhymers.” The opinions of that truly great man, whom it is also the present fashion to decry, will ever be received by me with that deference which time will restore to him from all; but, with all humility, I am not persuaded that the *Paradise Lost* would not have been more nobly conveyed to posterity, not perhaps in heroic couplets, although even they could sustain the subject if well balanced, but in the stanza of Spenser or of Tasso, in the terza rima of Dante, which the powers of Milton could easily have grafted on our language.

Arnold had a different and what he considered a broader conception of poetry. The greatness of the poet to him lay not within the limits of any fixed definition, as to form or perhaps even substance of poetry, but in the “powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life, under the conditions fixed for us by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth.” To him, that poetry was the greatest which taught the noblest of all ideas, “How to live.” The whole preface to his volume of selections from the poems of Wordsworth tells, as no extract or

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reference can, Arnold's view of the broad province of poetry. Lest it be thought that he prescribed this province so as to conform it to his own production, he is able to quote Wordsworth as his authority that poetry is "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." With Hazlitt poetry was "the universal language which the heart holds with Nature and itself," and is to be found "wherever there is a sense of beauty, or power, or harmony, as in the motion of a wave of the sea, in the growth of a flower, that 'spreads its sweet leaves to the air and dedicates its beauty to the sun,' there is poetry in its birth." Hazlitt adds, too, that "if history is a grave study, poetry may be said to be graver; its materials lie deeper and are spread wider."

At the outset of a discussion of Arnold's poetry there should be no hesitation in recognizing certain of its limitations, not so much as a concession to critics, as a step toward a correct point of view for his admirers. Admittedly he was not always at his best even in directions where he was specially gifted, but in this he was not unlike other poets. To separate what is unhappy and unsatisfactory from what

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is commendable in their work, is often to add to their repute. Arnold did distinct service to the memory of Wordsworth by collecting into one volume all his finest poems. All of us should agree that an author is not to be judged or condemned by his poorest production, though some critics frequently neglect to bear in mind this rule of common sense and justice. As Mr. Choate very forcibly says in his Foreword to these volumes: "Even the greatest authors have many dull and uninteresting passages; but each has jewels of thought which are of precious value to any reader who can acquire and retain them as his own possession."

With his deep insight into nature and life and beauty, his passionate devotion to high ideals and his solicitude for the spread of truth, Arnold came to regard the theme of poetry as of such controlling importance and mere form so negligible, that many of his lines are not to be classified as poetry but rather as fine prose. Some of his poems fell short of their opening promise and some had no promise to begin with.

No one has better stated this than Froude, in a review written at almost the beginning of Arnold's poetic career.

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Whatever be the merits of the "Strayed Reveller," as poetry, it is certainly not a poem in the sense which English people generally attach to the word, looking as they do not only for imaginative composition, but for verse; and as certainly if the following passage had been printed merely as prose, in a book which professed to be nothing else, no one would have suspected that it was composed of an agglutination of lines.

The gods are happy; they turn on all sides their shining eyes, and see below them earth and men. They see Tiresias sitting staff in hand on the warm grassy Æsopus bank, his robe drawn over his old, sightless head, revolving inly the doom of Thebes. They see the Centaurs in the upper glens of Pelion, on the streams where the red-berried ashes fringe the clear brown shallow pools; with streaming flanks and heads reared proudly, snuffing the mountain wind. * * * They see the Scythian on the wide steppe, unharnessing his wheeled house at noon; he tethers his beast down and makes his meal, mare's milk and bread baked on the embers; all around the boundless waving grass plains stretch, thick-starred with saffron and the yellow hollyhock and flag-leaved iris flowers.

No one will deny that this is fine imaginative painting, and as such poetical, but it is the poetry of well-written, elegant prose. Instead of the recurring sounds whether of rhyme or similarly weighted syllables, which constitute the outward form of what we call verse, we have the careless grace of uneven, undulating sentences, flowing on with a rhythmic cadence indeed, but free from all restraint of meter or exactitude of form. It may be difficult, perhaps it is impossible, to fix the measure of license which a poet may allow himself in such matters, but it is at

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least certain that the greatest poets are those who have allowed themselves the fewest of such liberties: in art as in morals, and as in everything which man undertakes, true greatness is the most ready to recognize and most willing to obey those simple outward laws which have been sanctioned by the experience of mankind, and we suspect the originality which cannot move except on novel paths.

Nor is the insistence of Froude upon the traditional conception of poetry in any wise extreme. We become confused in our ideas if we permit ourselves to regard form as wholly unimportant in comparison with substance, for often the two are necessarily related if not inseparably interwoven. This is true not alone of poetry but of life, and frequently the substance of things is of comparatively little moment if the form, which is so often substantial, be lost sight of. Without the potent influence, or perhaps we should say restraint, of such guidance, we are likely to go astray. We scarcely need to give instances of the truth of this. Even in our Courts, any other principle would inevitably lead to injustice or hopeless uncertainty and confusion. So markedly does justice often depend upon the observance of form that in many instances—where rights of property have become vested or even rules of

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conduct established—a well-known maxim of the law requires the judge to adhere to previous decisions, though their wisdom be questioned and their application to a given case work individual hardship. The form in which even the organic law is expressed is substantial. The Constitution of the State of New York prohibits the Legislature from passing a private Bill granting exclusive privileges. Yet this provision has been interpreted to mean that if the Legislature grants to A that which necessarily A cannot enjoy, because A has received the whole of the thing granted, the statute is constitutional; if, on the other hand, the statute contains a condition that B shall not enjoy what has been granted to A,—the thing granted in each case being the same,—it is unconstitutional.

Arnold was correct in his critical views as to poetry, but at times he erred in the interpretation or application of them and perhaps in the neglect of them. Let us all, severe critics as well as lovers of Arnold, while assenting to this, not forget that if he had always maintained the level he himself pointed to and so often reached, it is difficult to tell who except

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the greatest in English literature would stand by his side. Of but few poets in our language can it be said as truly as of Arnold, that his failures are apparent because contrasted not so much with the greatness of others as with his own greatness. One may well believe that if he had been free from his disheartening daily occupation, more than a few of his verses would have been omitted from his published works, or would have been so refashioned as to conform not only to the just views of critics, but to his own views and to his own excellence.

He had other shortcomings, for there are many poems in our language which under no circumstances could Arnold have written. He had no mastery of the intensity of poetic expression vibrating with passion, and little sympathy for the spectacle of great deeds, made picturesque and brilliant with what George Eliot calls the glancing steel and floating banner. Emotionally he was affected as little by the romance of legend and history as he was by the romance of life. There was little of what was joyous in his verse, and its somberness now and then approached to gloom and even morbidity. The poem "Growing Old" is but the

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presentation of the seamy side of existence, without the redeeming quality of his customary resignation. Nor need we conceal from ourselves what he did not conceal from himself, that at times he lacked a certain poetic sentiment which he acknowledged so promptly and ungrudgingly in others.

This is said not so much in criticism of Arnold's work as by way of explanation, so that we may be able to distinguish between what Arnold did that was excellent according to his own standards and the world's standards, and what was poor and indifferent according to any standard. Thus we come to know how large and splendid the treasure is which remains as the possession of us all. If, as he went upward, his eyes were closed to the pageantry and the joy of the plain, he reached altitudes from which in company with him we are permitted to look out upon ennobling prospects and an inspiring world of purpose. Naturally our preference would be to have the poet many-sided; but if we must be content with a choice of excellence, who shall be able to say with truth that the excellence of Arnold was not often above that to which he did not attain?

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To the statement so often made that he lacked the musical ear, the following passage from *Pater* is not without application:

The music of mere meter performs but a limited yet a very peculiar and subtly ascertained function in Wordsworth's poetry. With him meter is but an additional grace, accessory to that deeper music of words and sounds, that moving power which they exercise in the nobler prose, no less than in formal poetry. It is a sedative to that excitement, an excitement sometimes almost painful, under which the language, alike of poetry and prose, attains a rhythmical power independent of metrical combination, and dependent rather on some subtle adjustment of the elementary sounds of words themselves, to the image or feeling they convey.

In his best moments Arnold possessed this subtle knowledge of exquisite meter. Whether we have in mind the elevation of the theme or the beauty and melody of the verse, English literature could ill afford to lose such poems as "The Palladium," "The Lord's Messengers," "Dover Beach," "The Youth of Nature," "The Youth of Man," "The Future," "The Scholar's Gipsy," "Thyrsis," "Requiescat," "Mycerinus," "The Forsaken Merman," and "Sohrab and Rustum."

From the sonnet "Quiet Work" to the end of the three volumes in which his poetry is now

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published, Arnold has given to English literature what must be regarded as imperishable. His poems reflect his views of criticism, and are abreast of mature modern knowledge and tendencies of thought. They have too, along with the fervid, passionate love of all that goes to make up high endeavor and achievement, much of what he termed the "sweet calm" of Wordsworth, and the "wide and luminous view" of Goethe, who to him were the masters of poetic thought and expression. To the wide and luminous view, however, he more clearly attained, than to the sweet calm for which he often could find but the substitute of resignation. The one lesson he would learn of nature was:

Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity;
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose;
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

To be appreciated, Arnold's poems must be read throughout. He lends himself less than many another English poet to appropriate illustration by isolated and unrelated quotations. In this lies perhaps one of his defects but it is a defect he shares with Milton. The most satisfactory selections from Milton need to be

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accompanied by much of the context, and those of which effective use can at times be made are often but skilful paraphrases of the ancient classic poets. A book of quotations has its best use as a work of reference, and a text stripped from and robbed of its context often loses its force and true significance. The principle of statutory construction embodied in the legal maxim *Noscitur a sociis* is by no means useless for estimating the value of literary creations. The gem gathers added luster from an appropriate setting. Emerson, in one of his best poetic moods, tells in "Each and All" how when he had brought home the sparrow "with its note from heaven" it no longer was a joy to him, for he had not brought with it the river and sky which "sang to his eye." The delicate shells away from the shore of the ocean were no longer "sea-born treasures," but without the sun and the sand and the waves they were "poor unsightly noisome things." There are, however, lines from Arnold which, apart from their context, may well find a place among what he calls touchstones, whereby as has been pointed out, he suggests we may be enabled to determine the worth of poetry.

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But in emphasizing the importance of the subject-matter of poetry, Arnold in the original preface to his poems says with much force:

We have poems which seem to exist merely for the sake of single lines and passages; not for the sake of producing any total impression. We have critics who seem to direct their attention merely to detached expressions, to the language about the action and not to the action itself. . . . They will permit the Poet to select any action he pleases and to suffer that action to go on as it will provided he gratifies them with occasional bursts of fine writing and with a shower of isolated thoughts and images.

Mr. Paul who—by reason of his eminence as an author and because his *Matthew Arnold* is included in the "English Men of Letters" Series—may perhaps be regarded as the most important critic we have of Arnold's work, has assembled some of these quotations, in a way which the reader will think on the whole is judicious. On the other hand there will not be an unanimous opinion that he has succeeded in identifying all the poems, which, though lending themselves in slight measure to quotation, are among the best illustrations of Arnold's work. Nor will the view be general that the criticism of several of the quotations is just. There will rather be the thought too, that such

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quotations as are made, are considered too much by themselves rather than in relation to and as a part of the poems. As indicating his failure to do full justice to the poems from which selections are made, we may fairly take the approved-of line, "Him, I count him well starr'd," from the "Fragment of Chorus of A Dejanaira." Striking as it is, it has comparatively but feeble effect apart from the context of the poem which, though called by Arnold a fragment, has the beauty of a finished ode. After telling how the altars of the gods—unvisited and neglected by frivolous and hurrying man in the day of his prosperity—are resorted to only in adversity, when the spirit of the true worshiper is wanting and no real enlightenment results, the poem has these lines:

And him on whom, at the end
Of toil and dolour untold
The gods have said that repose
At last shall descend undisturbed,
Him whom you expect to behold
In an easy old age in a happy home;
No end but this you praise.
But him on whom, in the prime
Of life, with vigour undimm'd,
With unspent mind and a soul

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Unworn, undebased, undecay'd
Mournfully grating, the gates
Of the City of Death have forever closed—
Him, I count *him* well starr'd.

Of similar elevation with this Fragment is the poem on "Early Death and Fame."

Mr. Paul would have none of Arnold's sonnet to Shakespeare, damning it with the faint praise that at best one of its well-known lines,

Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,

"is but fine writing after all, and that of fine writing on Shakespeare we have had enough and more than enough." On the other hand Mr. Saintsbury, whose judgment is probably the best we have on the subject, has styled the sonnet "magnificent"; and there will be many who will place it at least by the side of that of Milton. Again it is said of the line in the sonnet "Written in Emerson's Essays,"

Dumb judges answer, truth or mockery,

"What is the use of asking dumb judges to answer?" If the admirer or even the indifferent reader of Arnold is the witness interrogated, he might say that, while it is true enough that the line has no great poetic merit, it deserves a

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better fate than such treatment. Pursuant to any such critical method, Arnold should likewise have been rebuked for the opening lines of the poem:

O monstrous, dead, unprofitable world,
That thou canst hear, and hearing, hold thy way!

For it can with equal relevancy be asked how could a dead world hear or hold its way? The poem in its entirety makes quite clear the meaning intended; it remained for a critic to suggest the thought that Arnold was referring to some infirmity of birth or subsequent paralysis. In the line commented on and in the line of "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse,"

The kings of modern thought are dumb

Arnold doubtless had in mind a physical disability to about the same extent as Carlyle, when he declared that "The English are a dumb people."

It may be added that if the principle of any such criticism were generally accepted as correct, little of the finer spirit and imagery of poetry would escape censure.

Again to the poem "The Future" Mr. Paul

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makes an unjust reference. He condemns the opening line:

A wanderer is man from his birth
which to his ear has two surplus syllables,
though he approves the concluding line:

Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

One is at a loss whether to be the more irritated
by the approval or the censure, since the whole
poem is unique in conception and execution.
It begins:

A wanderer is man from his birth,
He was born in a ship
On the breast of the river of time,
Brimming with undue joy
He spreads out his arms to the light,
Rivets his gaze on the banks of the stream,
And what he sees is, so have his thoughts been.

Then it tells in verse which would content
most critics, of the lament that we no longer
have the advantages of those who early were
'born in a ship on the breast of the river of
Time,' and gives the consolation for our loss:

And we say that repose has fled
Forever the course of the river of time;
That cities will crowd to its edge
In a blacker, incessanter line;

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That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream.
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again;
But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.
Happily the river of time
As it grows as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream,
May acquire if not the calm
Of its earlier mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own;
And the width of the waters
Of the gray expanse where he floats
Feeding its current and spotted with foam,
As it draws to the ocean may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its head,
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out and the night wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

The admirers of Mr. Paul—and he has many
such—will wonder always how he could have
dismissed one of Arnold's finest poems—the
"Youth of Man"—with the rather flippant
reference to the line

Perfumes the evening air.

as to which he says: "Those may scan who

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have the power and those may like who can."

There are those who not only like and can scan the line, and who, even if its scanning were impossible, would nevertheless with Froude, place this poem among the fine poems of the language. It tells of the misspent years of the two standing again hand in hand where they had stood long ago—but now "not with the halo of youth crowning their brows with its light, not with the sunshine of hope, not with the rapture of Spring."

Airs from the Eden of Youth
Awake and stir in their soul;
The past returns—they feel
What they are, alas, what they were!
And they see for a moment
Stretching out like the desert
On its weary, unprofitable length
Their faded, ignoble lives.

While the Locks are yet brown on thy head,
While the Soul still looks through thine eyes,
While the heart still pours
The mounting blood to thy cheek,
Think, O youth, in thy woe,
Yearn to the greatness of Nature,
Really the good in depths of thyself.

It is true enough that much of the song of the harp-player Callicles is full of grace and

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vigor, but it is true also that "Requiescat"
with the opening lines,

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.

is a poem of rare beauty even when compared
with the best English verse. Nor is the beauty
of "Calais Sands" to be overlooked, nor "Long-
ing," which from its opening lines:

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again.

has the music of Shelley's "Good Night."

If we are to seek to illustrate the beauty of
Arnold by mere quotation, it would be neces-
sary to go as far back as Milton to find the
superior of these lines from the sonnet "Written
in Butler's Sermons":

Or cluster'd peaks with plunging gulfs between,
Spann'd by aërial arches, all of gold;
Where'er the chariot wheels of life are rolled
In cloudy circles to eternity.

or of those from the "Youth of Man":

And Time with the ceaseless stroke of his wings
Brush'd off the bloom from his soul.

How beautiful even out of their exquisite
surroundings are these lines from "The Scholar
Gipsy":

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And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers,
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood
bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream.

And the last four stanzas of the poem are even
finer than the quoted passage.

“A Summer Night” has these lines:

Ye Heavens above, pure dark regions, have no sign
Of languor, though so calm, and though so great,
Are yet untroubled and impassionate.

But I will rather say that you remain
A world above man's head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizons be—
How vast, yet of what clear transparency!

And “Thyrsis” these:

The signal-elm, that looks on Isley Downs,
The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful
Thames?—

This winter eve is warm

Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as spring,
The tender purple spray on copse and briers!
And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening.

Fortunate indeed was Oxford—“that sweet
city with her dreaming spires”—in the pos-
session of a son who in great verse and prose
could pay such tribute to her.

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What can be added to these other lines from
"Thyrsis":

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short
To the less practised eye of sanguine youth;
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth.

Effective as these quotations are, they give but a meager idea of the wealth of creative beauty and inspiration which characterize the finer poetic work of Arnold. In it he reached, from his point of view, the highest plane of poetry, with its knowledge of life, its elevation of thought and expression, and the accompanying recognition that its true office was not alone to give intellectual pleasure and satisfaction, but to serve as a spur to endeavor, to culture and to right conduct in the world. The authorship of "Sohrab and Rustum" alone, with its sustained nobility of thought and utterance, would be sufficient to establish for Arnold a distinguished place among poets. Aside from Shakespeare and from Milton in "Paradise Lost"—and in "Paradise Lost" only—and perhaps from Keats in his best moments, English blank-verse poetry must be searched diligently before anything superior to it will be

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found. Froude, who is uniformly discriminating in his praise, while criticizing unfavorably some of the poetic work of Arnold, does not hesitate to say of the poem, that "deeper chords of feeling are touched in it than Virgil has ever touched."

"Rugby Chapel," though its verse is less happy than that of some of his poems, is more than a touching memorial to his father. For—as he recites the responsibility which accompanies opportunity in life, and of the method whereby his father discharged that responsibility and we also are to discharge it—the poem becomes, like so many of his other poems, of precious import.

"The Palladium," in lines which have the vibration of noble music, tells how, so long as the Palladium stood Troy was to stand; and then follow verses which extract for living man a great spiritual truth from ancient myth:

So, in its lovely moonlight, lives the soul.
Mountains surround it, and sweet virgin air;
Cold plashing, past it, crystal waters roll;
We visit it by moments, ah, too rare!

Still doth the soul from its lone fastness high,
Upon our life a ruling effluence send.
And when it fails, fight as we will, we die;
And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end.

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This necessarily brief reference to Arnold's poetry does scant justice to it. That in felicity of expression he did not equal Wordsworth, that in fire and passion he was below Byron, or that in the construction of merely harmonious verse below Shelley or even Poe, may be conceded. His work at times lacks the grace of rhythm of some lesser poets but it attains a commanding and enduring eminence. To adopt the figure of speech of Johnson in his comparison between Dryden and Pope, though Arnold may not have risen to the heights reached by some of our great poets, he remained longer on the wing than many of them. And his poems keep fit company with what is best and classic in English poetry.

The ethical work so essential to an understanding of what Arnold has done for literature, is to be found in many of his prose and poetical utterances. It is especially treated of in *Culture and Anarchy* which deserves a place, not only by the side of his essays on criticism, but of the best prose writings of our language.

From the outset he made it abundantly clear

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that culture is not, as Mr. Bright had flippantly characterized it, a smattering of the dead languages of Greek and Latin; and he makes summary disposition of Mr. Frederic Harrison's reference to the "cant of culture." Culture with Arnold was not even merely the "study," but was also the "pursuit of perfection," of which the main characteristics were beauty and intelligence, sweetness and light. Thus interpreted, it was to him not some ornamental accomplishment, but rather a knowledge of what was best in letters and in life, and of an immediate kinship with poetry. It was, too, an inseparable part of conduct which he, for some unaccountable reason, insisted upon referring to mathematically as three-fourths of life. Other authors however, are not without a similar idiosyncrasy, for Meredith has said that culture is half-way to Heaven, and Sydney Smith defines an extraordinary man as eight men not one man.

In his estimate of the glory of Greek literature, Macaulay said he wished "to forget the accuracy of a judge in the veneration of a worshiper and the gratitude of a child." If Arnold could ever have been gotten to agree with

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anything proceeding from Macaulay, it might have been with this expression, though Arnold knew that to this great legacy there was to be added the sacred literature of the Bible. Otherwise the mind would fare as ill as does the body if its development be but one-sided. Neither the moral element in its narrowest sense, nor the intellectual element was to be ignored, if we were to witness the harmonious fashioning of character and conduct.

Then there was for him the further view of the life of our neighbor and

the impulses toward action, help, and beneficence; the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery; the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it.

—all with him were the outcome of culture. For a brief summing up of its supplementary elements, Montesquieu supplied one definition: "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent"; and Bishop Wilson the other: "To make reason and the will of God prevail." Thus were men to be lifted up from inaction and sordid contemplation to the heights of "tranquillity and toil" and "to the mountain-tops

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where was the throne of truth"; and in Friendship's Garland this view is reinforced with enlightening, stimulating irony.

His ethical creed may be said to have been that we must seek out our best self, and then make it subordinate to culture and conduct, but we are to be sure, by resort to introspection and to knowledge, that our best self has been found. We are not to assume that we have been successful in our search, until we have summoned to our aid not alone an understanding of what is moral error, but of what is a defect in essential beauty. Nor are we to be content until we have come upon the sources of information in their primal, uncontaminated purity.

How striking just now for us should be his views of this wide-embracing culture! To attain to it, much that we regard as an end was to be considered merely as means to an end. Wealth, industrial pre-eminence, even health and bodily vigor, were all to be put to the service of first the mastery and then the manifestation of culture.

To walk staunchly by the best light one has; to be strict and sincere with one's self; not to be of the number of those who say and do not; to be in earnest

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—this is the discipline by which man is enabled to rescue his life from a thralldom to the passing moment and to his bodily senses; to ennoble it and to make it eternal.

Certainly he was a successful teacher of the eternal principles of truth; and who will have the hardihood to doubt that the appreciative application of these principles would operate to uproot those dangers which many of us would only train and prune?

Of Arnold's religious views it is now possible to speak with much more justice than was possible when they were first announced in *Literature and Dogma* and *God and the Bible*. Since these publications—and perhaps in large measure by reason of them—the beliefs of men have undergone wide changes, resulting in a larger tolerance even among those whose sole profession it is to teach religious truth. He had his convictions and the courage of them, though he wrote not for those unshaken in their religious faith, but for those no longer satisfied with it. The undeniable spread of skepticism aroused his solicitude, lest the true religion of the Bible be discarded along with the rejection of its unessential creed. He had

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said frankly in his Essay on the Study of Poetry, that religion had attached itself "to a fact, which was failing it." For a correct interpretation of the literary, proximate use of language in the Bible, he believed that culture, with its knowledge of the best that had been written in the world, was essential. He believed also that to insist upon miraculous incident as a necessary part of religion was to weaken and imperil the foundations of true faith. More and more Arnold thought that *Literature and Dogma* would come to be regarded as a deeply religious work. He rejected that which is not so much the Biblical scheme as it is, according to Huxley, the Miltonian scheme of religion; but to his view there remained for religion, rightly understood, not simply the morality of the pagan writers, but "morality touched with emotion." "Hellenism" concerned itself with ethics, but "Hebraism" taught righteousness.

To him not only is an enduring "Power verifiable by experience," but "that Jesus is the offspring of this Power is verifiable from experience also."

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For God is the author of righteousness; now, Jesus is the son of God because he gives the method and secret by which alone is righteousness possible. And that he *does* give this, we can verify, again, from experience. It *is* so! try, and you will find it to be so! Try all the ways to righteousness you can think of, and you will find that no way brings it to you except the way of Jesus, but that this way does bring you to it! And, therefore, as we found we could say to the masses: "Attempt to do without Israel's God that makes for righteousness, and you will find out your mistake!" so we find we can now proceed further and say: "Attempt to reach righteousness *by any way except that of Jesus*, and you will find out your mistake!" This is a thing that *can* prove itself, if it is so; and it *will* prove itself because it is so.

It is not the destructive but the constructive part of Arnold's religious views that must in the end appeal to us. At times he uses, of course, the language of criticism, which is not always the language of tolerance; but when considering the spiritual significance of religion he is as reverent as was Faust with Marguerite, in telling her of true faith. Arnold no more believed in the anthropomorphic idea of God than do the majority of men to-day believe in it. Goethe wrote for all time the truth in the lines:

*Was wär ein Gott, der nur von Aussen stiesse,
Im Kreis das All am Finger laufen liessel!*

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Arnold sought to disengage legend from truth, but to religion thus reinforced and strengthened, there was left by his teachings the supreme and controlling influence proceeding from an Eternal Power without and within ourselves—the enduring creed of righteousness. If there be doubt in the mind of anyone as to the reverent purpose of Arnold in entering upon this religious inquiry, it will disappear on reading *God and the Bible* which was published both as an explanatory supplement to *Literature and Dogma*, and as an answer to his critics. What he taught was not intended to be irreligion or atheism or even agnosticism. Herbert Spencer, the apostle of agnosticism, found the reconciliation between science and religion at the threshold of the Unknowable, over which neither the man of science nor the disciple of religion might pass. This was agnosticism in its true sense. The distance between the affirmation of Arnold and the denial of Spencer is as great as that between the heavens and the earth. With Arnold there was no agnosticism or even doubt of the essential truths of religion.

His attempt at a definition of God was not

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profound. If space permitted it might be pointed out how this definition—which he regarded as satisfactory and to which he so often refers with approval—operated to contract his religious horizon and even to obstruct a correct point of view of God. A definition of poetry, fortunately, Arnold did not attempt, for that is as impossible as a definition of God. “The Eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness” is suggestive but it is inadequate; for in the fullest conception, clearly God is that which is of ourselves as well as that which is not of ourselves, interpreted always by our enlarging vision and progressive knowledge.

This distinction between the attempt at definition of a subject incapable of definition and merely the enumeration of its distinguishing attributes, is not to be lightly passed over; for it is often not only influential but controlling in our conclusions. Definition may often be not so much description as it is limitation, which it signifies etymologically. The Constitution of the United States, fortunately for us, was early construed by John Marshall to be—in the words of Daniel Webster—a document of enumeration and not of precise definition.

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Under no other interpretation was it adapted to accommodate itself to our limitless growth as a nation. So, too, our federal Anti-Trust Act has been given its broad interpretation, because held to be a statute of enumeration and not of definition.

The Bible enumerates the essential principles of truth to be conformed to as the world moves on to higher ideals and accomplishments, and becomes an ever-flexible standard of righteousness. Christ in summing up the simple enumeration of duty—to be worked out as the varying needs of the world for devotion and service became apparent—made religion to rest not upon definition or creed, but upon the simple injunction, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength and with all thy mind and thy neighbor as thyself.”

As to what were Arnold's views concerning immortality we are not left altogether in doubt. The popular idea or what once was the popular idea of immortality he rejected, though he did not dogmatize at the door of the mystery of the future but stood there with humility and awe. For Arnold, Christ had risen because His cause

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had conquered. "He lived in the eternal order, and the eternal order never dies"; nor might anyone who became a part of that eternal order ever die. In part, but not in whole, was his conception of the mystery of the future expressed by the great invocation of George Eliot in the *Choir Invisible*.

In the poem "A Wish," he says:

Thus feeling gazing might I grow,
Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear,
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here.

And in his poem "Immortality," he suggests that, if in the hereafter there could be any approach to a realization of the popular belief, immortality was to be neither a gift nor an inheritance but an achievement.

From strength to strength advancing only he,
His soul well knit and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly to eternal life.

So Emerson in a similar mood has said:

How ill agrees this majestic immortality of our religion with the frivolous population! Will you build magnificently for mice? Will you offer empires to such as cannot set a house or private affairs in order? Here are people who cannot dispose of a day; an hour hangs heavy on their hands; and will you offer them rolling ages without end?

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and again

Higher than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now. It is a doctrine too great to rest on any legend, that is, on any man's experience but our own. It must be proved, if at all, from our own activity and designs, which imply an interminable future for their play.

And many will, perhaps not unjustly, conclude that Arnold by eternal life meant something more than mere unconscious absorption into the "eternal order."

The three discourses in America upon "Numbers," "Literature and Science," and "Emerson," deserve a worthy place in Arnold's work. Of all his prose writings he told Mr. Russell, that by them he wished most to be remembered; and though we may not consider them entitled to this comparatively high praise, we must acknowledge their superior merit.

The address on Emerson is in some respects the best estimate we have of his work. Though declining to include him in a class with the greatest prose authors, Arnold considered that

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Emerson had written the most important prose as, in his view, Wordsworth had written the most important poetry of the last century. "Literature and Science"—an elaboration of one of his English lectures—will well repay reading, both for its substance and its style.

In "Numbers" he gives out of his ripe scholarship, his reflections as to the future of our country and our institutions. While he bids us be of good cheer, his optimism, like that of Emerson, is predicated on our rejecting before it becomes for us a rule of conduct, much of evil import that has manifested itself in our national life.

He insists that mere bigness, whether in territory or in population or in acquisitions, does not mean our real pre-eminence, but that it may even have an evil influence upon our security, and that faith in the judgment of the majority is often unsound. He believes that as our numbers increase our hope is in the "remnant" which, to Plato, represented the element of the community that in times of peril would be content to retire discomfited, if not overwhelmed, from contest with the majority; which to Horace was the *melior pars* that at least would

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seek advice as to how Rome might be freed from her besetting ills, but in which Isaiah found the saving grace of the nation. In Arnold's view, the righteous remnant of a smaller people might not be potent to rescue the state from the error of an unsound majority, yet in a larger population its influence could have this saving grace.

But let us consent to-night to remain to the end in the ideas of the sages and prophets whom we have been following all along; and let us suppose that in the present stage of the world, as in all the stages through which the world has passed hitherto, the majority is and must be in general unsound everywhere—even in the United States, even here in New York itself. Where is the failure? I have already, in the past, speculated in the abstract about you, perhaps, too much. But I suppose in a democratic community like this, with its newness, its magnitude, its strength, its life of business, its sheer freedom and equality, the danger is in the absence of the discipline of respect; in hardness and materialism, exaggeration and boastfulness; in a false smartness, a false audacity, a want of soul and delicacy. "Whatever things are *elevated*,"—whatever things are nobly serious, have true elevation—that perhaps, in our catalogue of maxims which are to possess the mind, is the maxim which points to where the failure of the unsound majority in a great democracy like yours, will probably lie.

All that he would say if he had been permitted to witness the political and social con-

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ditions which now confront us, we may not even conjecture, much less state with anything like precision. Nevertheless if we read him aright we can conceive of much that his candid speech would have told us.

Perhaps he would have reminded us that the solemn note of warning uttered by him as well as by so many others, had not been heeded and that the virtue and the numbers of the remnant had not kept pace with the vast increase in our population. He might have gone so far as to say that—by thoughtless conduct and vanity and an amiable or thoughtless condonation of error, along with the abnormal increase of irresponsible wealth with its vulgar and corrupting display, and our seeming disregard of many an old-fashioned virtue—we were inviting a sorry reckoning, not unlike that which more than once has meant the overthrow of a democracy.

*O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus!
. . . Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
Non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.*

Confident, however, as he was of our future, he would doubtless not have rushed to the

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hasty and ill-considered conclusion, that with us the Ship of State could not be refitted and made ready for its further voyage.

The writings of Arnold constitute a great and enduring creation, of unique consistency and unity of purpose, with their stimulating message to all those who appreciate literary excellence, and who would fit themselves for the highest enjoyment and service in the world. It was a kindly messenger who bore this message to mankind. Of him it could not be said, as Emerson said of Shakespeare, that he could not marry the facts of his life to his verse; for rightly interpreted, Arnold's life was a part of his message. In the discriminating praise of his work he took almost the delight of a child, not because it ministered to his vanity but because he thus knew that he was not misunderstood. He was not only idealist but altruist, and of such modesty that it was his wish that no biography should be written of him. It is interesting to recall that twice in his letters, he refers with keen pleasure to the appreciation of his prose and poetry that early appeared in two articles in *The North American Review*. His letters tell how he mourned over the "ob-

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scure interest of the public in him," manifested so strongly at first, lest, as he said, it should operate to take from him the stimulus to produce his best. Later with a corresponding joy and modesty he was glad above all things that "gradually the public was beginning to take his poems to their bosom." For him as he expressed it the wave of thought and change had rolled on. His effort was "to persuade and not to have his brilliancy praised," because thus only could he hope to be true to himself and to his fellow-man.

As has been said, he was not without his faults nor was he always at his best. Many of the lines of his poems make unsatisfactory verse, and in his prose he again and again restates things it would have been better to leave as they first stood, without the repetition and attempts at paraphrase which become at times inartistic and unhappy. His style has at times irritating idiosyncrasies, and there is now and then a descent from the dignity of a great author to the plane of an unhappy colloquialism. These defects however, are for the critics to discuss, and are unprofitable considerations for those who seek for understanding and profit

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from his varied contribution to the intellectual treasures of the world.

That he was a great man, all thoughtful interpreters of his creations in verse and prose give ungrudging testimony. Mr. Saintsbury says of his critical ability:

He had not the robustness of Johnson; the supreme critical "reason" (as against understanding) of Coleridge; scarcely the exquisite, if fitful, appreciation of Lamb, or the full-blooded and passionate appreciation of Hazlitt. But he had an exacter knowledge than Dryden's; the fineness of his judgment shows fine beside Johnson's bluntness; he could not wool-gather like Coleridge; his range was far wider than Lamb's; his scholarship and his delicacy alike give him an advantage over Hazlitt. Systematic without being hide-bound; well-read (if not exactly learned), without pedantry; delicate and subtle, without weakness or dilettanteism; catholic, without eclecticism; enthusiastic, without indiscriminateness,—Mr. Arnold is one of the best and most precious of teachers on his own side. And when, at those moments which are, but should not be, rare, the Goddess of Criticism descends, like Cambina and her lion-team, into the lists, and with her Nepenthe makes men forget sides and sects in a common love of literature, then he is one of the best and most precious of critics.

Mr. Paul says "Enough of his failings; he was a very great man"; adding that, "Such poetry as 'Mycerinus,' such prose as the

